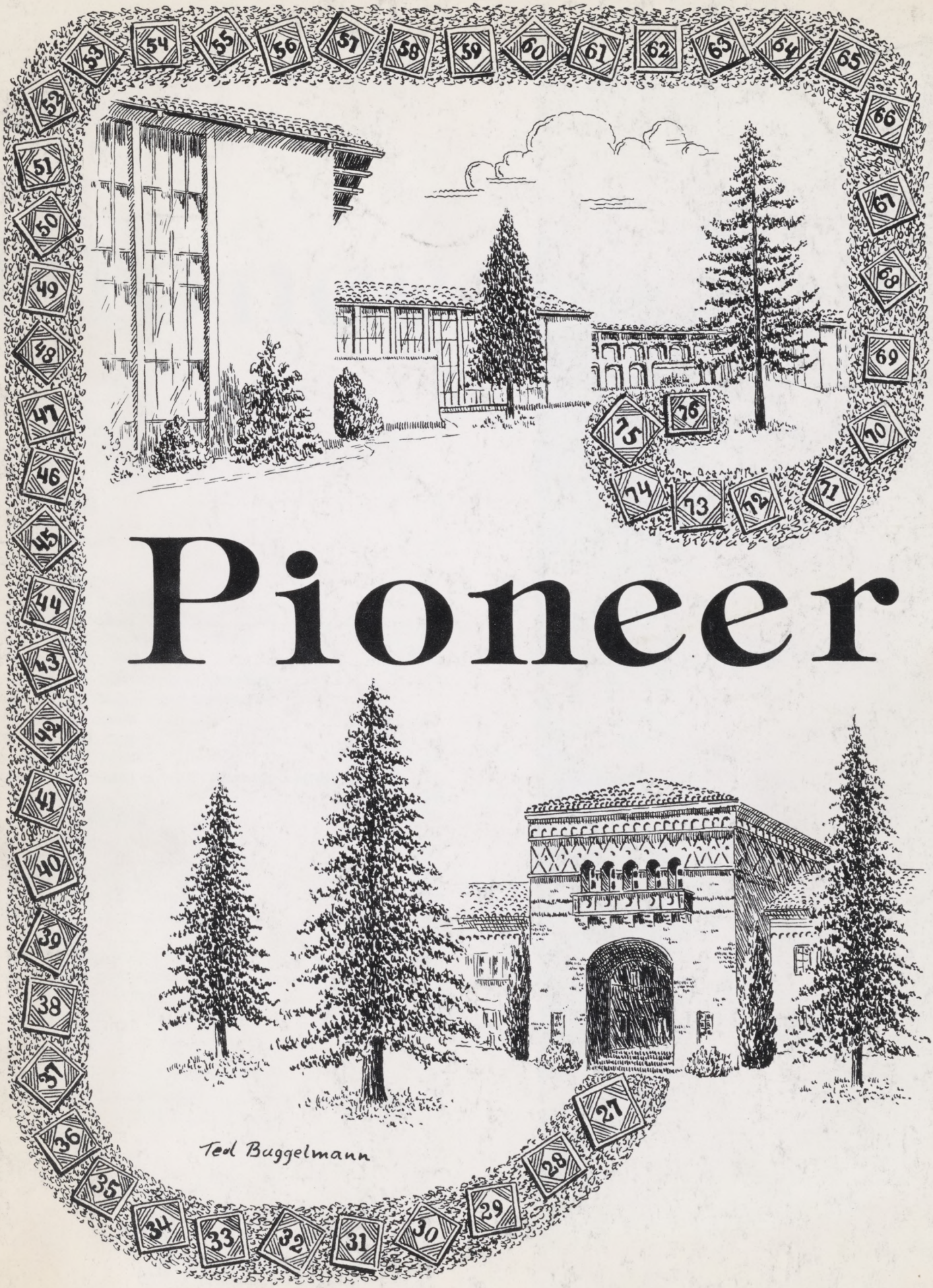


Pioneer

Pioneer

CITY COLLEGE 2
Viewpoint 3
Barbara Tahara, deputy sheriff 4
Back again 5
A second chance 7
When Dad is a politician 8
One Iranian views America 10
More in common than you think 11
Teeming with cannibals? 13
One of the oldest sports . . . fencing 14
Back stage: 'Ring Round the Moon' 17
Class-side manners 21
Babich strikes again 23
Sports, sports, sports 24
If I hear the 'world of work' one more time 26
Morning rain 28
PEOPLE AND PLACES 30
Viewpoint 31
Old Town 32
Baggelmann: artist-historian 34
Courtroom of the Future 38
When the students roared 40
Lonely days 43
Inside the Governor's Mansion 44
Nothing new about hard work 46
Future of community colleges 47
Water – a thing of the past 48
UNUSUAL WISHES 50
Viewpoint 51
Fear and loading in Old Sacramento 52
Sacramento cat collector 55
A very special victory 58
A child's dream 60
Kids, kids, kids 62
Darn it all 63

Pioneer
Spring 1977 VOL. 1 NO. 1

Editor-in-Chief ..... Mary Cage
Managing Editor ..... Ellen Graebe
Assistant Editors ..... Scott Sommerdorf and Cindy Herman
Photo Editor ..... Bryan Patrick

Gus Angelides, Marlene Chargin, James Curry, Carol Dowell, Jerry Eagan, Ruth Farley, Adeline Gallegos, Marcia Hammond, Warren Lystrom, Dennis McCoy, Carol Mendes, George Nordstrom, Candy O'Shea, Gary Reyes, Tom Sheley, Dan Smith, Steve Terry and Randy Wheless

This magazine is a joint project of the Journalism Department and Educational Enrichment Program of Sacramento City College, 3835 Freeport Blvd., Sacramento, California 95822.



Photo by Scott Sommerdorf

City College

The core of any college is the student body. And City College has a very diverse student population.

Some students have come back to school and back to school and back to school like present City College student Lloyd Bruno. Bruno is a former City College instructor and was a student in the 1920's.

Another former student, Deputy Sheriff Barbara Tahara, wanted to come back, but she was too busy working on the East Area rapist case.

Other stories in this section describe Bunny Bouillon, a returning student, who explains why she's back in school; Mary Calvo, who tells what it is like to be an assemblyman's daughter; and three foreign students who give their impressions of City College.

But while the core of any college is the student body, the campus activities decide whether a college is fun or just a place to get a degree.

Extracurricular activities like the drama group attract many students. Some classrooms are dull and others – well, you just have to see what Andy DeLucia, George Anastasiow and Philip Onstott do to and for their students.

The campus committee structure goes into a category all its own – if we could only find a label for it.



Photo by George Nordstrom

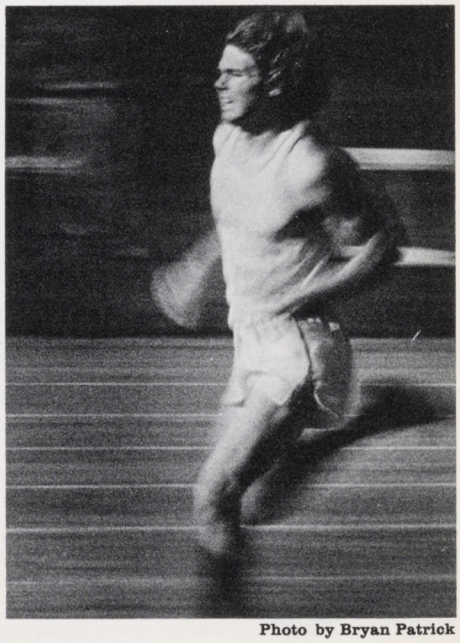


Photo by Bryan Patrick

VIEWPOINT

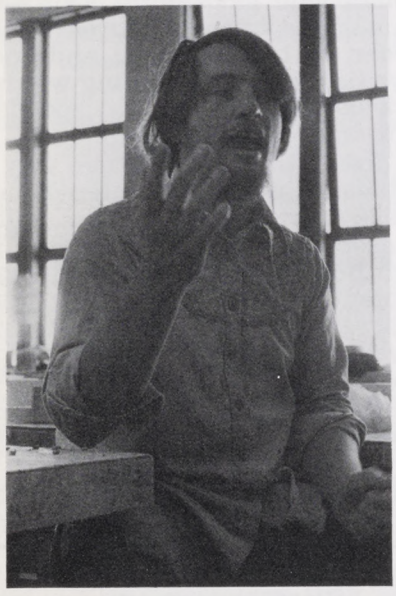
A lot of improvements have been made on the campus: new buildings, modern restrooms, elevators and even a fountain. But are they enough? We sent out our staff to find out.

Improving City College

Dennis Dunn, 28, Graphic Arts — "I think they should get down on the parking system some more. I think the Student Center should have ramps so people in wheel chairs don't have to go all the way around the building, and I think they should have an elevator in Lillard Hall.

"I couldn't take Chem 10 this semester because it was located on the second floor in Lillard Hall. Another guy had the same problem.

"I hope to get an A.A. next year; then I can get a good job and buy a new house and a Cadillac and drive all over town. I don't think I'll be going to a four-year college; my A.A. will get me all I need for the type of job I'm going into."

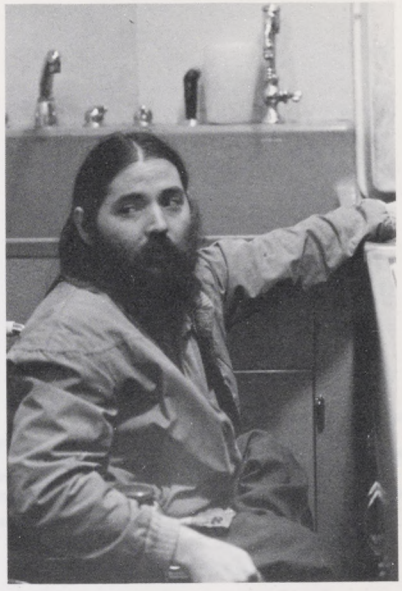


Christina Lee, 20, Law — "What we really need is a better Children's Center, especially for infants.

"There are a lot of women on welfare who have small babies and not much income. They aren't going to do well if their babies aren't near by. Right now the infant center is downtown, and mothers worry. You're a mama before you're a student.

"I think the teachers should get out and meet the students too because all they see them is for 50 minutes, and people aren't the same outside as they are inside.

"I hope I can get in some kind of job, you know, from here to there. I'm hoping the school can fulfill that need for me.



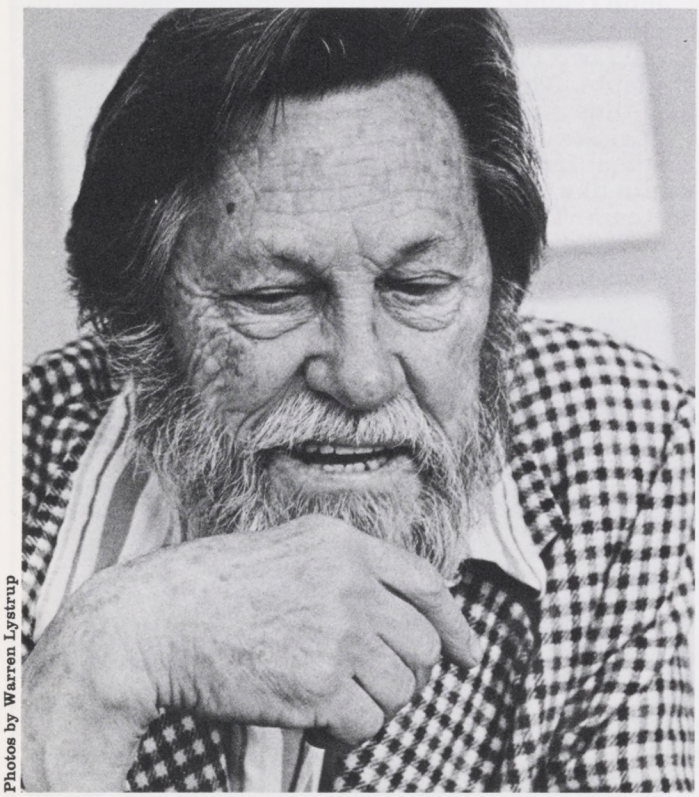
John Collins, 21, English — "I think the administration has too much to say in and out of classes. It should be a one-to-one relation between teacher and students. There should be equal rights for both part-time students and part-time teachers.

"Laissez-faire should apply to school too; government in this case would be the administration. I would like to see teachers have a little less restraint on them. There are a lot of situations I'm in right now where administration has cramped the teachers' style.

"My first goal that I hope to attain in school is to find out exactly what are my goals. I guess, one of my goals is to be a writer. I do plan on going to a four-year college, but I haven't even come close to a decision on one. I would like to go up to Oregon; so maybe I'll go to the University of Oregon."



Back again: Lloyd Bruno



Photos by Warren Lystrup

By Tom Sheley

What does a man who has taught English for more than half his life do when he retires? Perhaps he plants a garden in his backyard and spends warm spring days fighting off attacking weeds. Or maybe he joins a bowling league and spends his evenings trying to improve his average.

Yes, maybe he does. But for one former City College English instructor, retirement offered the opportunity to pursue a new career . . . as a student.

Lloyd Bruno's association with City College, then called Sacramento Junior College, began in 1923 as a sophomore student when the school occupied a wing in the old Sacramento High School building at 34th and Broadway.

He had come to Sacramento with his family that year, following a year at the University of Colorado in Boulder, to visit relatives, and the family decided to stay.

It was also during that year that Bruno met Dr. Jeremiah Lillard, first president of the college after it became independent from Sacramento High School. Bruno has many fond memories of his relationship with Dr. Lillard and credits Dr. Lillard with given him his start in the teaching profession.

He transferred to the University of California, Berkeley, in 1924 intending to study law. But after evaluating the law program and the rigors and expense of completing it, he changed his major to English and decided on a teaching career.

He remembers that toward the end of his junior year, he had occasion to meet with Dr. Lillard, who was on the Berkeley campus attending a conference, and the college president asked him what his plans were after he graduated.

Bruno told him that he wanted to teach, and Dr. Lillard said he would give him a job after he received his master's degree. Bruno can testify that Dr. Lillard was a man of his word.

After finishing his senior year and taking

never really left

another year and a half to complete his master's and credential programs, Bruno returned to Sacramento Junior College, which had moved to its present location, and was indeed given a job, one that was to last 40 years.

From his first assignment teaching Subject A (''Bonehead English'') through two terms as adviser to the college newspaper, the Pony Express, and a stint as the college's first languages and literature division chair, Bruno witnessed enormous change in the college.

He recalls that when he was a student at the school and during his early years as an instructor, the college was entirely an academic institution designed for students who wished to transfer to four-year colleges and universities.

Language, literature, history and social science courses were the mainstay. The first real changes came in the early 1930's when, due largely to the Depression, vocational programs were introduced into the curriculum in an effort to facilitate job procurement in a world that had few jobs to offer.

Bruno also saw tremendous growth in the college population. He remembers that when Sacramento State College was formed in 1947 and for a time shared the facilities on the junior college campus, there was great concern that a four-year institution would mean the end of Sacramento Junior College.

''Some faculty members even tried to get legislation passed that would limit State College to upper division courses. No one could foresee that the Sacramento area would one day include not only City College and State College but two other community colleges and a university as well,'' Bruno said.

Retiring in 1968, Bruno continued to teach on a substitute basis at both City College and the University of California, Davis, for another three years.

He and his wife also have enjoyed extensive world travel since he closed his grade books for the last time. Beginning with a trip around the world in 1968, his travels have taken him to Europe, including ventures behind the ''Iron Curtain,'' Egypt, Israel, South Africa, South America and East Asia.

But the most interesting feature of his rather busy retirement is perhaps that he has turned the tables on himself and has again assumed the role of a student. Attending classes at City College and taking courses by correspondence from the University of Wisconsin, Bruno has been satisfying his thirst for knowledge with courses in Latin, California history, Asian art, Old Testament literature, German and anthropology.

Why would a man with so many years in education, as a student and a teacher, want or need more? ''I'm enjoying myself by setting goals and then accomplishing them. I want to continue with German, and I'm considering taking Greek next,'' Bruno answered.

Sitting in his comfortable living room enveloped by the fragrance of fresh cut flowers and listening to this animated man speaking, pulling at his beard and emphasizing his words with his hands, one realizes that Bruno has a true sense of history, a feeling for the past, the present and the future.

''The most significant change as I see it is in the outlook of the students. Today there is a greater sense of insecurity, of living in a dangerous situation,'' he said. ''When I was a student, we felt we lived in a stable world.

''It was much easier for a student to feel he could grasp where mankind had been and where mankind was going. The changes over 50 years have made us question everything. Now I feel you can't prepare for tomorrow.''

Bruno summed up his philosophy concerning his place in the world by quoting from the Iliad. ''Ten thousand foes surround us; let us therefore go forth,'' he quoted and then added, ''I don't want to sound too pessimistic. Let me put it this way. I live a wonderful life in a world I don't approve of.''

Barbara Tahara, deputy sheriff

By Gus Angelidis and Carol Mendes

Rape is serious business to Deputy Sheriff Barbara Tahara, former City College student, who knows only too well the threat women face today in a city haunted by the East Area rapist.

Her assignment to the crime prevention unit of the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department for the last year has been an eventful one. And this is to her liking since she thrives on the variety and challenge of the position.

In addition to the 40 hours she spends at the office each week, she is called upon to speak about rape before numerous civic groups.

These talks before groups like the Sacramento County Medical Society enable her to tell people that rape is "a violent crime." People tend to think of rape as something that is wholly sexual. Women sometimes think that rape is nothing more than sex with a stranger, but this is not so. Serious bodily harm or injury can result.

"More important than any physical damage that may occur is the accompanying psychological trauma. The effects of any psychological damage are lasting."

Concerned about the mounting number of attacks by the East Area rapist, residents have bought a variety of home locking devices. Tahara says that merchants report unusually heavy sales of one-inch bolt locks and adds that this is commendable but having these locks on doors and windows is not enough unless "people use them."

In response to the question why the rapist has not yet been caught — he has been at large for almost two years — she answers that it is due to "our basically trusting natures. People will have to change their lifestyles in many instances because locking doors and windows is something they do not normally do."



Women have told her that they have never locked their homes, that they do not fear the loss of possessions, but she is quick to point out that it is not their possessions which stand to get ripped off but themselves.

Locking doors and windows can keep a rapist out, but a woman might still have to face a rapist outside her home. Knowing self-defense may not be enough, points out Tahara, if the woman will not use it. Knowing how to drive the assailant's nasal cartilage halfway into his brain will serve no purpose if a woman winces at the thought.

To counter this timorousness, Tahara suggests assertiveness training in her talks to local groups.

Tahara wasn't enrolled in any administration of justice courses while she was a student at City College. "I had no declared major but was thinking of being a lab technician; so I took biology, chemistry and general education classes."

Before graduating from City College, Tahara moved to New Mexico with her new husband who was stationed in the service there.

After returning to Sacramento, Tahara became interested in law enforcement. "At the time, deputy sheriffs had to be at least 5'8" tall. I was only 5'3". So I took a clerical job at the police department."

When the height requirement was lowered, and she found out that the sheriff's department was accepting applications for deputy sheriffs, Tahara acted immediately and landed the job.

"I wanted to be a deputy sheriff because I like doing different things. My clerical job didn't allow me to move around. I get to go out on different assignments as a deputy sheriff."

Tahara feels her general education at City College has helped her in her job, even though she didn't take any law-oriented classes.

Although her seven-year-old son's friends are impressed with Tahara when they see her in uniform, he doesn't think of his mother's job as extraordinary because other children his age have working mothers.

"Since I became a deputy sheriff, my husband doesn't worry so much about me when I am alone. He also treats me more independently."

A second chance



Photo by Randy Wheless

By Carol Dowell

After ten years as a housewife, Bunny Bouillon enrolled at City College to obtain the college education she had never had.

A week before school started, Bouillon's husband left. His reasons for leaving, she explains, were not based on her college plans, but on many personal differences their marriage had developed.

But Bouillon did not allow marital difficulties to cancel her school venture. Although her life was anxiety-ridden enough without having to worry about new classes and strange people, she launched herself head-on into the role of a college student.

Her decision to start school came about naturally. "My friends were always asking me, 'Why don't you go back to school?' and I always thought, 'What a drag!' But, after I had done all the things I wanted to do, I was ready.

"I was so scared at registration!" recalls Bouillon, laughing now. "You wouldn't believe how weird everything seemed." The Women's Center helped her enroll in general education and clerical classes scheduled between 8:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. so that she could be home at the same time as her children.

Adjusting to single parenthood was a difficult task for Bouillon. Finally she called the Women's Crisis Line, which in turn suggested she go to the California State University, Sacramento Family Counseling Center. The counselors there offered her understanding advice, particularly about handling three children by herself.

Bouillon found her first weeks at City less than inspiring. She had problems getting involved in her classes and had no one to talk to around school.

Fortunately, her typing teacher, Wanda Hall, noticed Bouillon's dwindling enthusiasm and suggested she work in the Special Programs office on campus which needed a clerk just then.

Bouillon will always be grateful for Hall's thoughtful interest because it directed her into a completely new and fulfilling college experience.

"The people in Special Programs were all so great. They gave me support and cheered me up if I had trouble with a class. There was always someone there to help."

For the remainder of the spring semester, Bouillon did clerical work, and then in the fall she went directly into counselor aide training, a program she feels would benefit every college student.

"They taught me to help others," she relates, "but I've used it as much myself in figuring out what classes to take, how to transfer, and what teachers are good. You learn it from people who have experienced it themselves."

During a semester in Joyce Schaeuble's Psychology 1A course, Bouillon discovered she was tremendously interested in psychology and decided to make it her major, quite another field from the secretarial career she had initially intended.

Meanwhile, Bouillon's social life at school was looking much brighter. "When I first came here," she remembers, "I was real shy. I'd sit around and not even talk to anybody. But, I decided to force myself. I began just sitting down next to people in the cafeteria and starting conversations. In fact that's how I met Jan Walker, one of my closest friends."

Bouillon is proud of her family. Her mother, Helen Dewell, lives with her and has been a wonderful help as Bouillon has pursued her academic career. Bouillon's children, Samuel, 13; Beverly, 11; and John, 10, have become amazingly self-sufficient over the past two years.

"I used to do everything for them," she recalls. "I washed their clothes, cleaned up their rooms, and made their lunches at night. Now they have really learned to take care of themselves. They can even cook. They are good friends. My oldest boy is really supportive. He'll say, 'It's really neat you got a good grade,' or 'That teacher is just shitty.' "

Bouillon will graduate this spring with no degree because she is lacking one physical education class. She is irate on the subject. "It's so dumb that a 34-year-old woman can't get her A.A. because of one physical educaton unit. Veterans don't have to go through that. I've been through as much action as they have!"

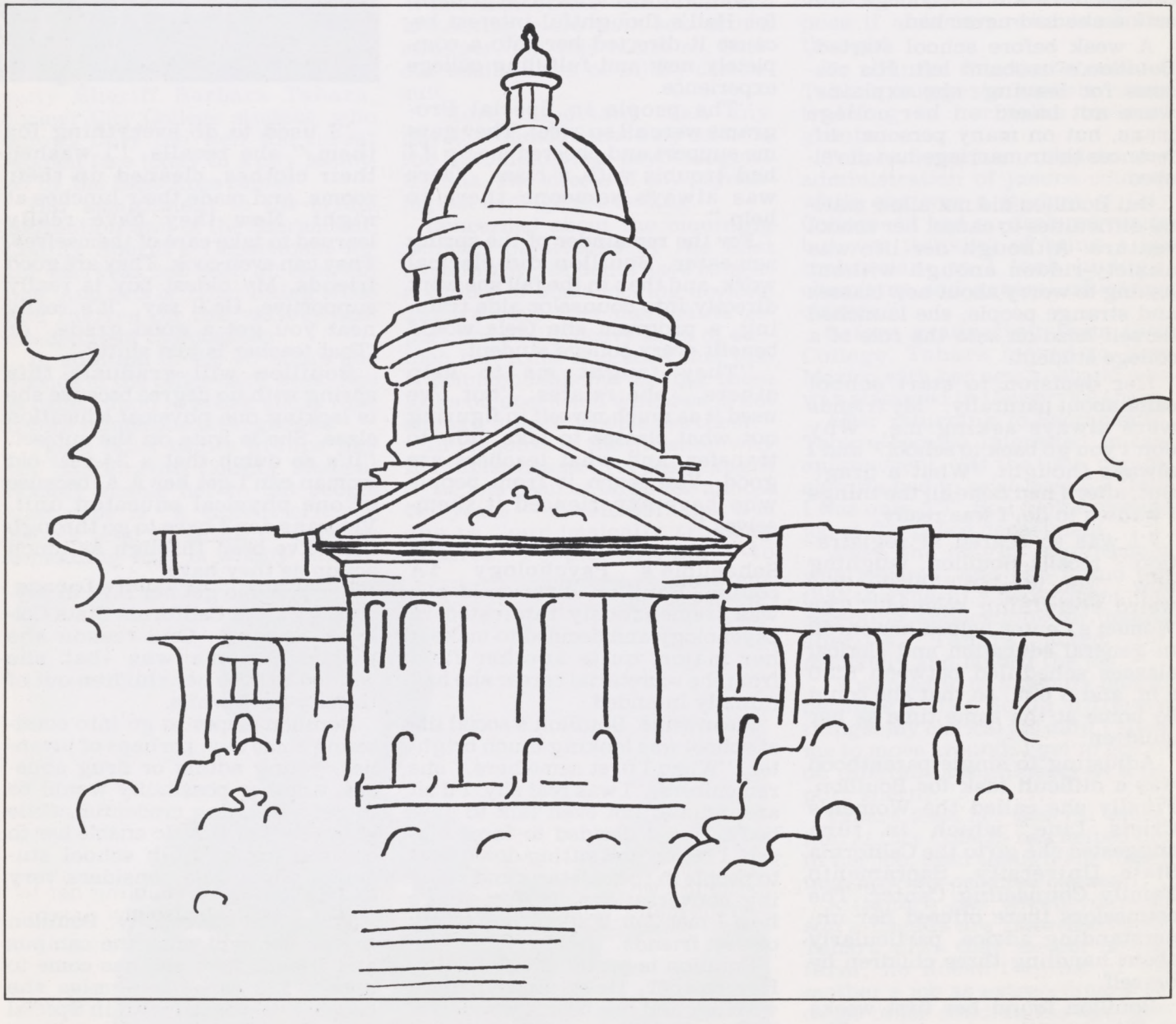
She plans to get her B.A. in psychology from California State College, Sonoma. One reason she picked Sonoma was that she wanted to take her children out of the city for a while.

Bouillon hopes to go into counseling some day, perhaps of juveniles, young adults or drug abusers. Another possibility would be to get a teaching credential while going for her B.A. to enable her to counsel junior high school students, whom she considers very special people.

When she leaves City, Bouillon knows she will miss the campus and friends here she has come to love. "I'll especially miss the people I've worked with in Special Programs. They've been just like a family."

Of City College Bouillon expresses, "It's a great place for the returning woman who wants to get back into life."

When Dad is a politician



By Carol Mendes

Some people might think that a legislator's daughter would consider herself in some respects special. Such isn't the case with Mary Calvo, daughter of Assemblyman Victor Calvo of Mountain View.

Mary, a modest yet confident young woman, remembers times in her adolescence when "jealous playmates said things like 'you think you are better than everyone else because your father is the mayor.' "

Mary, who was very sensitive, was hurt by her friends' harrassing. "I couldn't help it if my dad was mayor. It just happened to be that it was his job," says Mary.

> 'You think you're better than anyone else just because your father is the mayor.'

This spring semester is Mary's first and it will probably be her last semester at City College. She isn't leaving because she doesn't like it here. In fact she says, "This city is great, especially the warm, sunny weather and clean air. Mountain View and the surrounding area are so polluted and smoggy. It's so different here."

Mary's immediate plans for the future include moving to Arcata and majoring in the area of fish and game at California State University, Humboldt this fall. "I'll be living with my best friend, my sister. She was like a mother to me in high school when I lived with her and my brother while my parents were here in Sacramento during the week."

Like most legislators, Calvo found it necessary when elected assemblyman of the 21st District in 1974 to maintain two homes since assemblymen must do their business at the capitol Mondays through Thursdays and be in their district offices on Fridays.

Although Mary kept active at Awalt High School, she really didn't like high school enough to go her last year. With enough units completed, she graduated last June after finishing her junior year.

Mary attended Foothill College last fall before moving to her parents' Sacramento apartment. The apartment building, which is always guarded, is also the home of Governor Brown. "Even though we live in the same building, I have never seen the man. I know it sounds strange, but that just shows how busy the governor really is."

The assemblyman is the son of Spanish immigrants who became wealthy farming the Santa Clara Valley. He grew up in Mountain View, received his B.A. degree in business from Stanford University and piloted planes in the U.S. Army Air Force before owning various small businesses. "He still owns a lumber yard in Cupertino but has been in politics for as long as I can remember," says 18-year-old Mary.

Some of the political positions Calvo held before being elected to the assembly were mayor, city councilman and Santa Clara district supervisor.

Mary finds the busy atmosphere of the capitol exciting. The people there aren't too busy to make her feel welcome, though. "My father's secretaries are all really nice, especially Julie Memalis. When I don't go with my parents to Mountain View for the weekend, Julie and I usually do things together. I'm like her kid sister."

Mary and her father are both ecology-minded and love the outdoors which could be why Mary feels so close to him. Calvo's experience growing up in an agriculture-oriented family serves as a good foundation for chairing the Resources, Land Use and Energy Committee, the subcommittee on air quality and subcommittee #3 of Ways and Means — Resources and Transportation. He is also a member of both the Transportation and the Finance, Insurance and Commerce committees.

Although she finds the political life fascinating, Mary doesn't want to go into that field because it demands time. "A legislator can't always spend as much time with his family as he would like. The divorce rate among legislators is high too."

Calvo rarely lives a day that doesn't include legislative business since when he is home in Mountain View he has appointments scheduled through the weekend. "Because my dad has always been so busy, we have never had any close family friends like most people." says Mary.

> 'We have never had any close family friends like most people.'

It isn't always easy being connected with politics. "I usually don't mind answering questions or doing small favors, but last fall at Foothill College, my political science instructor had me look up all the propositions being voted on and report on them in front of the class."

Mary was probably the only person on campus this spring that attended last year's Democratic National Convention at the New York Convention Center. Calvo was a delegate to the convention from California, and Mary made the trip with him and her mother.

Not only did Mary receive tickets enabling her to be on the convention floor, but she also met Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy, Senate President Pro Tempore James Mills and State Senator Al Alquist.

"I liked the convention. When I went there, I could almost see the energy buzzing around. It was boiling hot and really smoky, but it was fun to watch all the different people walking around."

After a week of business in New York, she and her parents vacationed in Boston for a few days and in Washington, D.C. for a week.

Surely this is one "special" time in Mary Calvo's life that she will never forget.

One Iranian views America

By Cindy Herman

Imagine eating hamburger for a whole month. That can happen if you "can't read the menu in a restaurant and can't say anything but hamburger," explained Alireza Nahremiani, a 23-year-old City College student from Iran.

Leaving a native country to study in the United States can be a cultural shock. Everything in Iran is different. Old people, the school system, teachers, religion and parents are treated with more regard than here. Nothing in Iran has the informality Americans are used to.

In Iran students don't come to class late because "most teachers won't let you come in if late." Nahremiani expressed his surprise at the way students react to teachers here. Iranian students don't argue with teachers. "People there (in Iran) respect the teachers a lot more than here."

The clothes worn in school in Iran are something along the line of what we would wear when going out to a classy restaurant with our parents. No one would think of wearing anything like jeans and workshirts, let alone cut-offs and halters.

The school standards in foreign countries are often tougher than those in American schools. In Iran the school days are Saturday through Wednesday, a half-day on Thursday, with Friday as the whole "weekend."

An Iranian student must complete six years of a foreign language, go up to calculus, study natural sciences and literature and know exactly what his or her major is going to be by the time high school is over.

Nahremiani left Iran three years ago to come here and study engineering. He chose the United States because "It is easier to come here and get in."

To get into a college in Iran, even one on the junior level, a student must pass a test, and he or she has only one chance a year. "There are so many students. We can't all go to school over there since there are not enough colleges or universities for us."

Even those universities have trouble staying open because of riots and protest marches. "One month a term the universities are closed because of the dissident student situation," he added.

The one thing that irks Nahremiani about American schools is the high tuition foreign students have to pay. They are charged $39 a unit at City College. Nahremiani thinks, "It is unfair that foreign students have to pay taxes and the ones that work have deductions made from their pay checks, yet don't get any benefits such as Medi-Cal or financial aid at school."

Nahremiani feels that some of the teachers at City College are "pretty good," but he added that he feels some teachers are prejudiced against foreign students.

Despite all of the math he learned in Iran, Nahremiani claims the only real advantage over American students is in Calculus 1 and part of Physics 1.

The lifestyle for an American is quite a bit different from that of an Iranian. In the town of Arak, where Nahremiani comes from, some of the women still don their veils in accordance with Moslem tradition. Islam is the main religion in the Middle East, and most universities in Iran have their own mosques.

Nahremiani follows the practice of Islam closely. No drinking, smoking or eating pork is allowed. Dancing is discouraged, and praying is done five times a day. One month out of the year Moslems fast every day between sunrise and sunset.

The purpose of the fasting is "to feel hungry by mid-afternoon so we can better understand what it is like to be poor and always be hungry. That month you help the poor people by inviting them into your house where you will offer them food." He added that now most people end up just giving money to the poor people.

"Americans don't have a close-knit family life. In Iran families stay together longer," was something

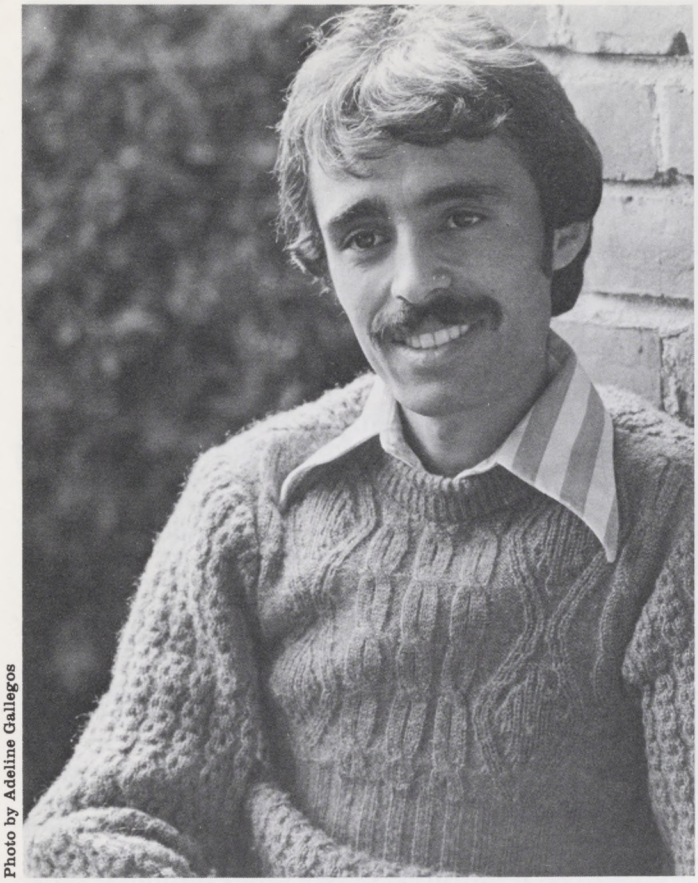


Photo by Adeline Gallegos

Nahremiani stressed. "No one in Iran wants to get their own apartment at age 18 like they do here." He believes that the people of Iran are more friendly and generous and that Americans care too much about money.

"The first thing Americans learn about is money. I learned very fast that most people here care very much about money. This is one reason why the crime rate is so high in the United States."

The average American family spends a great deal of the evening in front of the television set. In Iran families seldom watch television. They spend their evenings visiting friends and relatives. According to Nahremiani, many of the television shows in Iran are American made. The ones that are shown are usually ones that have already gone off the air in the United States. Some of the American shows an Iranian family might watch are "Cannon" or "Ironside."

Nahremiani has no definite plans for his future other than to finish school at City College this semester and continue on to a university.

There are many things Americans take for granted because we see them every day and never stop to really notice them. These are the things that someone from a different country appreciates. The thing that Nahremiani likes best about the United States is the traffic because "over there the freeways are too crowded and too hard to drive."

While most of us dislike driving the freeways we already consider far too crowded, Alireza Nahremiani can go out driving and have the time of his life.

More in common than you think

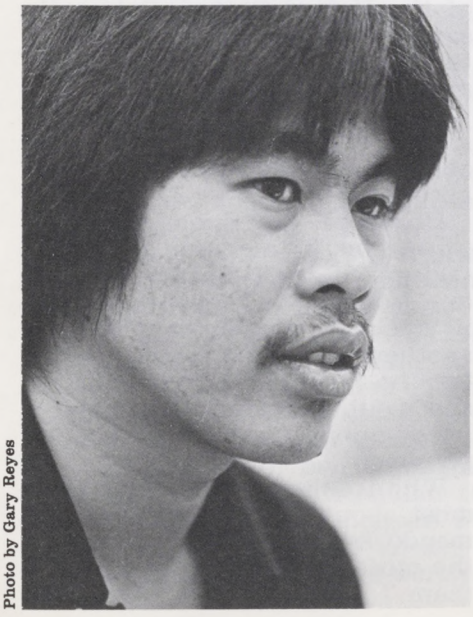


Photo by Gary Reyes

By Gary Reyes

Foreign students look different from the rest of us. They eat exotic foods. They're quiet. They can't speak English. They're different. Right? Wrong.

These stereotypes soon become myths once we get to know these students and discover that they are not very different from the typical City College students.

Ramon Delmendo is an example of how inaccurate stereotypes can be. His experiences growing up in the Philippines were much like ours here in the United States. In fact, he speaks so well that it's hard to believe that he was born and raised in another country.

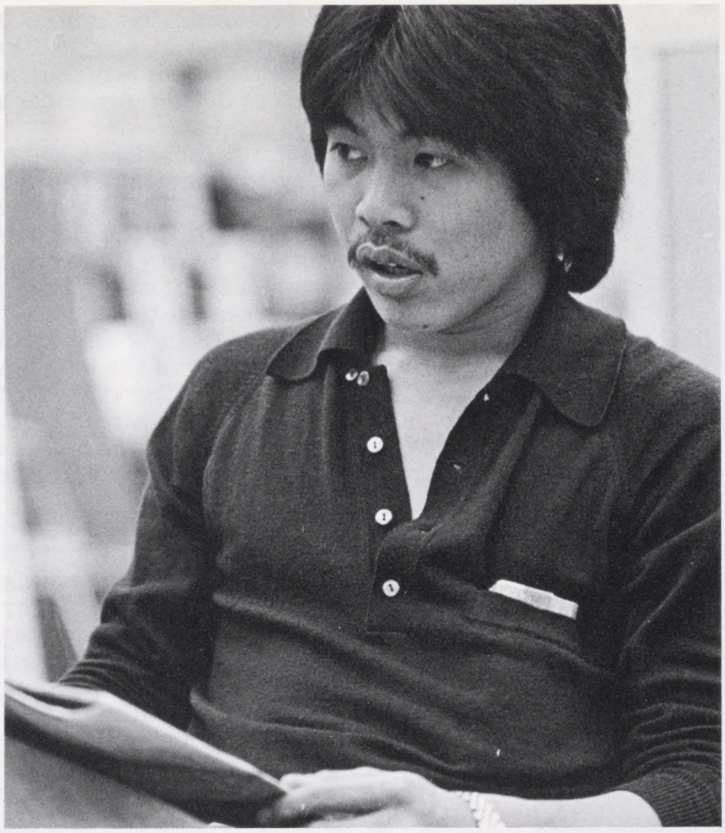
Delmendo, now in his fourth semester at City College, came to this country because his mother is employed by the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations in Rome. That means that Delmendo and his 18-year-old brother, Roland, are eligible for free schooling in the United States until they are 21.

They chose Sacramento because they have relatives here.

Delmendo grew up in Manila where he went to the grade school connected to the University of the Philippines, one of the country's largest colleges.

From there he went to high school at the Marikina School of Arts and Crafts. The Philippine high schools begin at what Americans would consider the junior high level.

He graduated from high school in 1974 and then studied engineering at the University of the



'Students are not allowed to speak Tagalog, the main dialect of the country.'

East for one year before coming to the United States.

"The schools in the Philippines are run similar to those of the United States," replies Delmendo when asked about the differences between school systems. The hours are generally the same, and subjects are taught in English, which is learned at a very early age.

"We learned English in grade one. I was seven years old," he reports. Students are not allowed to speak Tagalog, the main dialect of the country. This practice is the result of American occupation during the early 1900's when American teachers came into the Philippines and taught strictly in English.

"Foreign students don't believe I'm a foreigner because I speak English so fluently," says Delmendo. He admits that he had problems with the American language style because of the wide usage of slang terms.

"We don't use slang very often in the Philippines, even in school, but we know it. English is spoken formally in the Philippines," explains Delmendo. He adjusted to the change within two months, and he feels comfortable with it.

He had another style to get used to as well. When comparing the teachers in the United States with those of the Philippines, he feels that teachers back home were much more strict than those here.

Going to college is a formal matter in the Philippines; so Delmendo was surprised at the relaxed atmosphere in classrooms here. "Being informal in class blew my mind because I expected the instructors to be more strict," he says about his first experiences.

Delmendo was also surprised to see old people, mothers, fathers, workers, etc., all going back to school.

"While I was in school back home, all of the people I saw in school were young. If you're old and still going to school, you're

'I like the informal ways of the schools here. I'm comfortable at school here.'

left behind. Back home, if you drop from school, people think that you're irresponsible. Getting an education is important."

The education standards in the Philippines are based on American standards; yet they are considered by the United States to be lower. The books used in the Philippines are published by Americans; yet when students come here to study, they're placed a year behind.

Delmendo recalls, "I had to take two English courses before I could take English 1A. That's what a counselor told me. I had to take English 1A over again because the United States and Philippine standards are different. I started from the bottom again."

Delmendo is an economics major because, as he explains it, he is nosy about his Mom's job. He plans to graduate from City College in June and then go on to California State University, Sacramento, possibly to get a master's degree in economics.

Eventually he hopes to work in the United Nations, but he is undecided about where he would like to live after he finishes his education.

As for any general impressions of the United States, Delmendo says, "I like the informal ways of the schools here. I'm comfortable at school here."

He also enjoys the variety of recreation spots in the United States and the opportunities for travel here.

However, he does have his gripes, just as any student at City College. "I don't like the bus system. You have to wait an hour, and if you miss it, you have to wait another hour. It's a hassle to wait for the bus. There's no waiting sheds either. Back home there's a lot of public transportation," he points out.

When asked what he misses most about the Philippines, Delmendo says, "I miss my friends the most because I grew up with them."

Teeming with cannibals?



By Marcia Hammond

Africa. Deep, dark, teeming with cannibals and natives wearing bones through their noses. Or so many people think.

"United States children have no lasting knowledge about Africa or any other foreign country. Inadequate and false information about Africa is plentiful, and the only answer to this problem is sufficient teaching to the young," says Hiliary M. Oziri, Nigerian foreign student at City College. "Movies and plays depicting the true Africa should be shown to everyone," he advises.

The school system in Nigeria is not much different from the one in America; the variation is that Americans begin school at an earlier age.

Education is compulsory in Nigeria. Primary school starts at age seven and ends at 12. The child is then enrolled in a secondary school where she or he remains for five years.

Only exceptional secondary students will be tested for admittance into a university. At a university, the emphasis is upon mathematics and English. The English language is essential to a Nigerian student.

Oziri has been in California for six months, and though his view of this city is limited to his apartment and the City College campus, he likes what he has seen so far.

Oziri came to California because it has been his goal to attend school here. Education is important to him. He feels that knowledge is the only way people can make something of their lives. School is worthwhile, Oziri insists, and what life amounts to is how much education one has.

As for City College, Oziri has high praise for the administration. "The teaching is impressively effective, and the school is well staffed. The education system is excellent," he says.

While Oziri points out that he likes City College, he does have one or two complaints. He feels that the older students are friendlier than the younger ones. To Oziri, most American students are self-centered. They only seem to care about California and this country, as if there were no other people in the world.

While many African students know what is happening in this country, not many American students are aware of events taking place in African countries. "American students must broaden their views of the world," says Oziri.

Another complaint concerns the cost of living. He says foreign students are usually in desperate need of money because they are not on scholarships or grants of any kind. "More money should be channeled into foreign student needs," he feels.

There is Women's Liberation in Nigeria and it is based on education. If a woman has enough education, she can compete with men.

Marriages are no longer arranged although the parents have much influence over their children in the choosing of their spouses. There is absolute discipline in the family.

There is also discipline in sports, and soccer is the largest crowd attraction. Oziri is interested in soccer, or futbol as it is known there, basketball and tennis. One sport Oziri has not seen is baseball, and he doesn't seem too enthused about seeing it.

Reluctant to talk about his personal life, Oziri did say he lives alone in an apartment near campus. He spends most of his free time studying. He rarely watches television, occasionally tuning in education programs on PBS. Television violence is not the reason for the turn-off. Oziri simply has no time although he does listen to the radio every now and then.

His trip to the United States included a three-hour stopover in New York City. Alone and foreign, he didn't particularly care for New York. The hectic big city pace was too much for him.

American foods are a welcome experience to Oziri, but he admits having trouble remembering all the names. Living alone has forced him to get acquainted with the kitchen. He maintains, "The kitchen is a place for women." He is quick to add, "in Nigeria."

Majoring in English and history, Oziri hopes to obtain his A.A. degree next year and transfer to California State University, Sacramento, or possibly University of Southern California.

To him, education is the most important asset anyone can have because "it gets things done and it can never be taken away."



Photo by Bryan Patrick

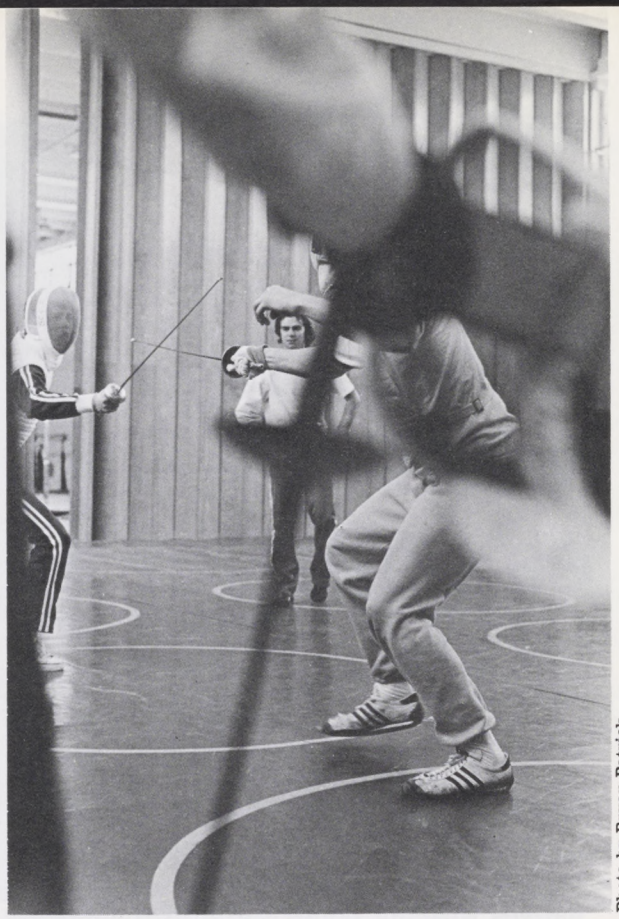


Photo by Bryan Patrick

Photo by Bryan Patrick

One of the oldest sports . . .

Fencing is an art – an art of coordination, precision, skill and discipline – with a whole vocabulary of its own. Parry is to ward off blows; advance, to come forward with the weapon; thrust, a lunge. The object of fencing is not knocking the sword out of the opponent's hand first; it is hitting the heart-shaped target on the opponent's chest.

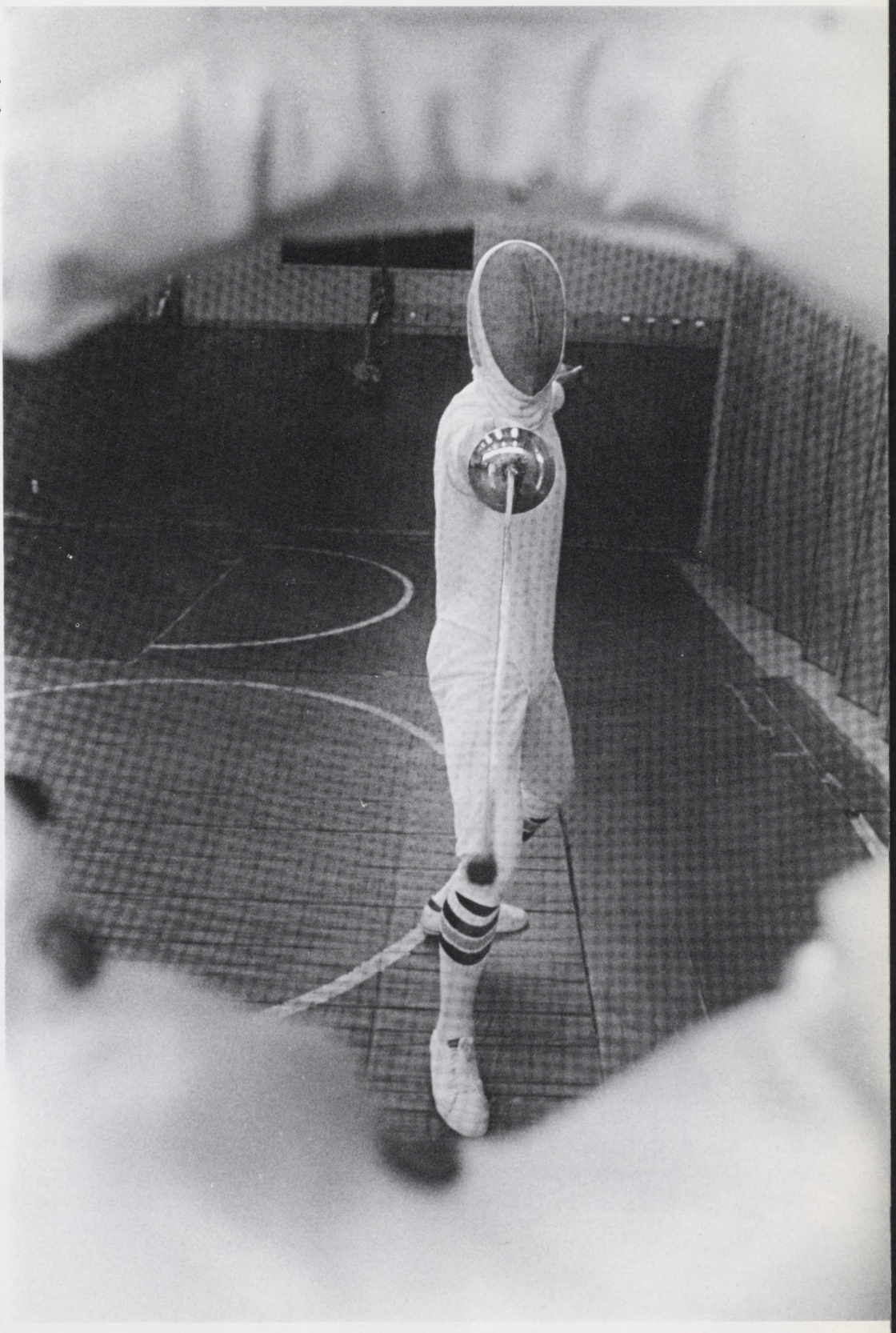
There are different types of weapons. Some are epees, which have blunt points; sabers are light and have flexible blades; rapiers have narrow-pointed blades.

Fencing is not just a sport of power. It is a sport of agility and ingenuity. It is also one of the oldest sports in the world.

A Spanish man did it. Three Frenchmen did it. Did what? Flew through the air (aided by a staircase and long curtains), leaped from tabletop to tabletop and fought six men at once.

While Robert Lanza's students are not Zorro or the Three Musketeers in training, they are learning the sport of fencing, and they are learning more than just the romanticized version of it.

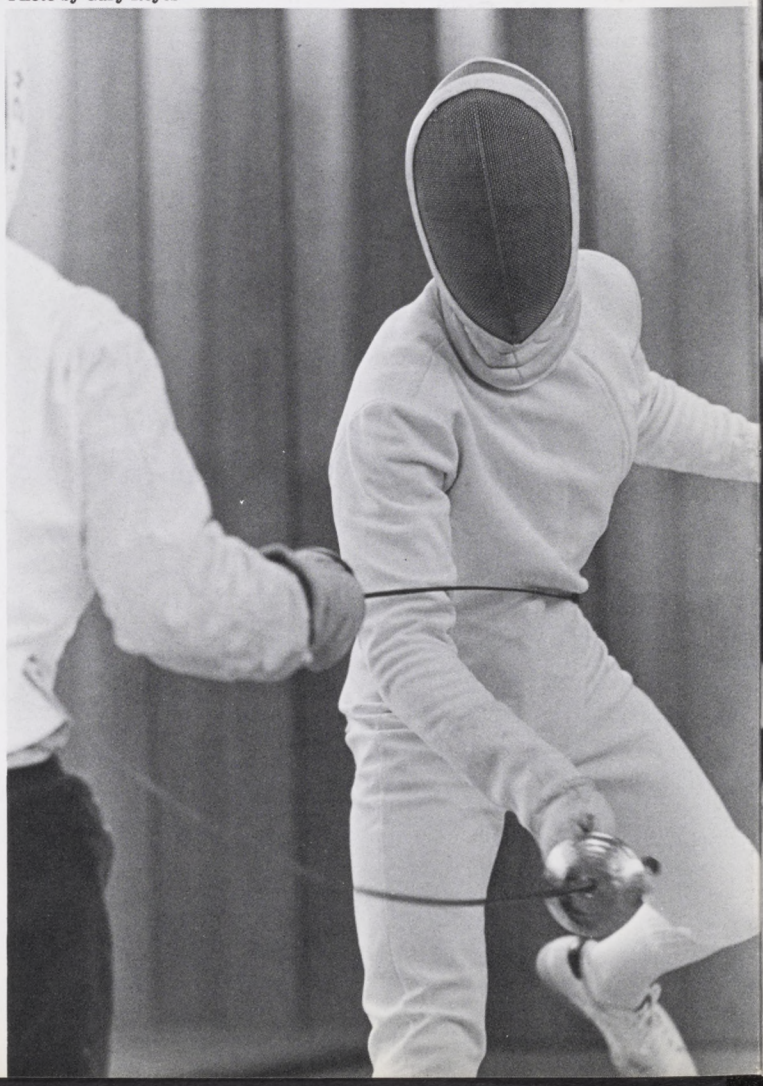
Photo by Bryan Patrick





Photos by Bryan Patrick

Photo by Gary Reyes



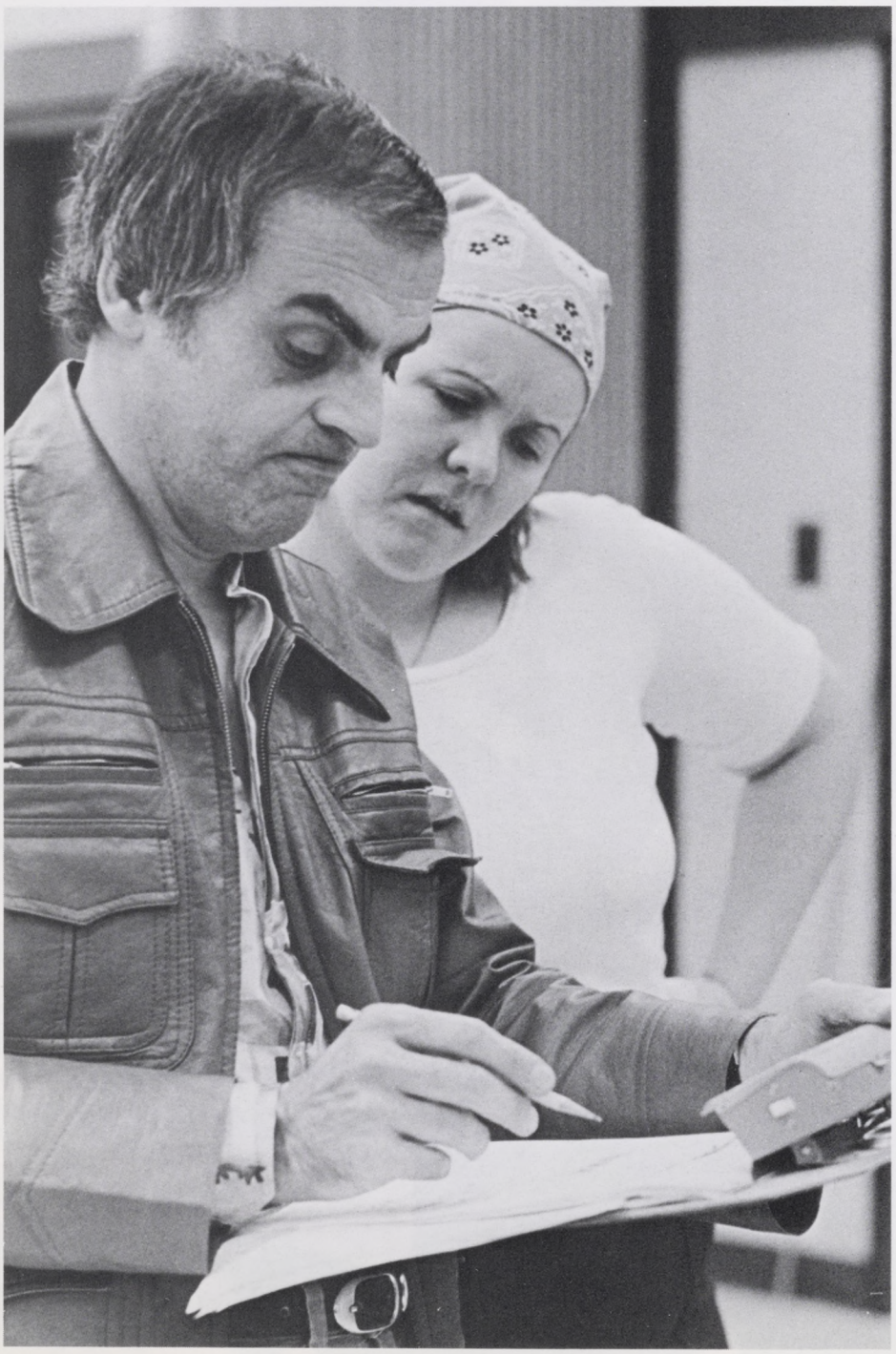
Fencing

Back stage: 'Ring Round the Moon'



'The director is constantly aware that opening night will arrive whether he and his cast and crew are ready or not.'

By Carol Dowell



What do you do when your leading lady is snowbound in the Sierras on the evening of an important rehearsal?

George Anastasiow has had plenty of experience with such dilemmas. In the 12 years since he began teaching theatre arts at City College, he has directed 31 of the school's dramatic productions.

The snowbound problem came up during the early rehearsals of this spring's production, ''Ring Round the Moon'' by Jean Anouilh. Director Anastasiow had to rearrange the tight rehearsal schedule as well as worry and wonder about the whereabouts of the missing actress.

Plays are generally raised in six weeks, and the director is constantly aware that opening night will arrive whether he and his cast and crew are ready or not.

Besides requiring a creative talent, directing a play involves an array of responsibilities which might well frighten the most efficient of managers in other professions. The director must oversee every aspect of production. A clear set of steps must be followed, the first of which Anastasiow considers to be the most significant to the play's success.

''Selecting a good play is the most important thing,'' he explains. ''Good plays are hard to find. You must like the play and know that it will be a reflection of your knowledge and taste.''

If a play is bad, the cast may be wonderfully talented, the crew terrific and the costumes exquisite, but still the play is bad, and the audience will recognize it and reject it.

Why did Anastasiow choose ''Ring Round the Moon''? ''Because I like the language. I like the author and his ideas. The play has a lot of big theatrical characters that we had a lot of fun with.''



Once a play has been selected, the director meets with the technical director to discuss possible set, lighting and acoustic problems the play might present.

In "Ring Round the Moon," Anastasiow and technical director Jerry Sutherland had to figure a method of staging a scene in which two characters talked and tangoed at the same time. To achieve the proper tangoing mood, a small ensemble was taped to play softly in the background but still allow the characters' dialogue to remain audible.

Anastasiow also conferred with Deborah Slate, the costume designer, during these early stages of production to determine the style and elaborateness they would aim for in the dress so that construction could get rolling.

Casting is the next step for the director, and Anastasiow feels it to be nearly as important as the selection of the play. At auditions, the director must be able to recognize the really talented ones who will, over the compact six weeks of rehearsals, be able to achieve the level of performance he expects.

Experience is an advantage, but not always essential to a good performer. The leading man in "Ring Round the Moon" had only been in two plays previously but was "off and running" during the production, said Anastasiow.

Anastasiow was enthusiastic about his cast for "Ring Round the Moon." "They are a good, mature, very talented group who all want to act and take it seriously. I appreciate that because I take it seriously too."

The City College productions are not limited to students. Anyone in the community who wishes to audition is welcome. Students interested in helping with stagecraft or costume construction can arrange to receive college credit.

When the players have been cast, they meet to exchange their ideas about the concept of the play. Then the actual staging begins.

For several rehearsals, the director and actors work on blocking, which — much like choreography — is the designing of the action throughout the play. Every actor must have consistently exact positions, movements and gestures for the action to appear natural.



Plays are not written to be blocked any set way. A good play can be designed by a thousand different directors, each seeking to evoke the response from the audience unique to his conception of the play.

As opening night draws nearer, individual scenes which have been drilled over and over are finally threaded together. This first uninterrupted run-through tends to shock everyone into the fear that all of their work is falling apart. Lines and action that are supposed to be memorized get confused and forgotten, technical effects come off awkwardly, and the director is in a frenzy.

But all know that rehearsal, more rehearsal and even more rehearsal are the only means by which their performances can be perfected. Their injured confidence can be mollified only by repeated run-throughs. With firm determination and care, they hammer and polish their creation right up to the week of opening night when it is finally time for the players to don their costumes and make-up.

There is tremendous excitement at this initial dress rehearsal. At last director, cast and crew realize the attainment of an actual theatrical production from their devoted efforts. For the first time they can believe in the existence of a concept that up to that evening could only be visualized and worked towards.

When the curtain goes down after the final dress rehearsal, the director's job is completed. He has had six weeks to mold his vision into a reality, but the rules of the game are that when that time is up he must offer whatever has been conceived to the audience, whether he is satisfied or not.

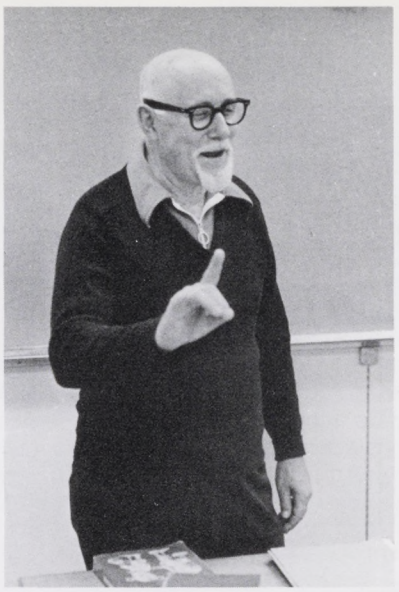
The stage manager takes over during the actual performances, directing traffic and maintaining order.

And, of course, it is opening night that remains the grand test, the moment of truth. "That's the big thing," says Anastasiow, "the creation of theatre arts: The joining of actors performing and audience."

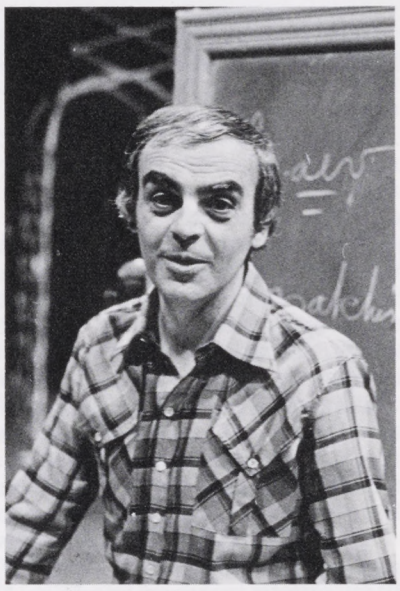
Anastasiow tries to go to all of the performances. "I enjoy the reactions and audience-watching. Every audience is different. On opening night you're especially sensitive and nervous. You don't want people sleeping! There's a thousand things that can go wrong, and when you get through it, it's such a nice feeling."



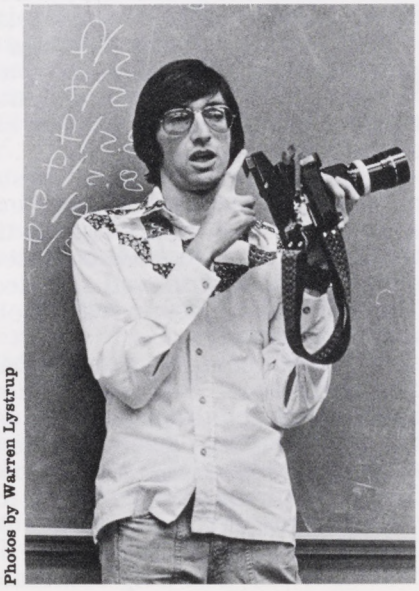
Photos by George Nordstrom



Onstott



Anastasiow



DeLucia

Photos by Warren Lystrup

Class-side manners

Onstott the terrible

By Mary Cage

Philip Onstott is terrible. What's more, he enjoys being terrible.

He's not a terrible instructor. Quite the contrary, he is one of the best instructors on campus. Ask his students.

Onstott expects his anthropology classes to transfer to the University of California, and he intends to teach the courses as they would be taught at a university.

But despite the reams of paper they use to take notes and the jitters they get before his tests, Onstott's students enjoy his classes because he is terrible. Or rather, they enjoy his classes because he is — well, he's devilish.

After sitting in his class awhile, students can't help but believe that if he couldn't scare or shock them, he wouldn't have any fun.

The first day of class, the room is packed. When Onstott walks in, he sits down, smiles a friendly smile and says, "Half of you will drop in a matter of weeks."

Slowly his prediction comes true. Every day he takes a head count, crossing the fainthearted off his rosters.

Students begin to wonder if the rumor is true that he eats students for breakfast. However as the size of the class stabilizes, such fears subside. But before the class can fall into a false sense of serenity, Onstott has already started teasing them with terrible puns and even worse tales.

One day he explains that men are biologically incomplete females. That ruffles the feathers of a few of the incomplete females in class.

But the women in class don't feel superior very long. Later he adds that women have much weaker bladders than men. To prove his point, Onstott draws a verbal picture of little girls running through the house en route to the bathroom.

Occasionally, he tries to "gross out" the class. His description of vampire bats is a prime example.

His eyes sparkling, he explains that these bats don't suck blood; they lap blood like cats. Blood is a heavy liquid, he continues, "So when they have to fly away in a hurry, vampire bats will vomit up all the blood in their stomachs."

He smiles as he tells his story to students who have just eaten breakfast.

His students smile too.

Although they may moan at his pungent puns or groan at his loathsome legends, they enjoy listening to them as much as he enjoys telling them.

Spiders, plays, fun

By Carol Dowell

"Now if I really wanted to kill myself, I could do a really good job of it. First try! I'd swallow black widows."

Suicide 1A?

No, it's George Anastasiow relating to a character in a play for his Theatre Arts 3 lecture.

It's Anastasiow's understanding and frankness about everyday human situations that make him an excellent and delightful teacher, but it's his zany-but-wise repartee that enables him to bring the theatre to life for his students and relate it vividly to today's world.

Anastasiow, an alumnus of City College, is himself an actor who spent several years in New York looking for and occasionally landing parts. He enjoys teaching more, however, because it allows him to talk and communicate with people directly.

For those of us who find reading great drama like wading through chest-deep molasses, Anastasiow reads and acts the parts of the characters with a spirited intimacy and professionalism that suddenly put the quality and meaning of the play into a completely understandable perspective.

We even get the jokes when Anastasiow is tackling five characters at once, charging around, changing his voice inflections, and scrambling his face into outrageous expressions.

But the best part about learning the "Greats" from Anastasiow is his totally uninhibited willingness to express how he feels about the same heavy subjects those famous dramatic characters are always dealing with. There is no better way to realize how Chekovian and Shakespearean characters really are "mirror images of ourselves" as our English teachers have been stubbornly telling us for years.

If a character is bored, the class identifies by discussing what they do when they're bored. Admits Anastasiow, "I read the telephone book when I'm bored. I must have stared at that picture of Old Sacramento on the cover a thousand times. I look up old friends from high school . . . then through the restaurants . . . and all the doctors . . ."

Most students have never discussed their deodorants in a college class. "Many people are concerned about how they smell. And thank God for that!" exclaimed Anastasiow when the class asked why a certain Chekovian gentleman always wore "scent."

"I mean, I'm hot up here right now, and I thank goodness I'm protected for the next 20 hours."

He explains his technique. "I take the position of playwright and bombard them with confusion and conflicting ideas. A lot of times they've never even thought about these things, and I try to get them to feel something."

As a teacher, George Anastasiow's wish is to "through the drama, get people out of the habit of judging and criticizing others — to get people to accept people as people."

Anything for a pic

By Cindy Herman

What was Andy DeLucia doing down at 4th and T with a camera one evening? No, he wasn't part of the vice squad. He was a photographer. "Ahaa," you say, "a perverted photographer." Wrong. He was just on assignment for the Sacramento Bee.

Besides being an award-winning photographer working for the Bee during the summer, he also happens to be a photo instructor at City College.

Every semester Andy, as he is called by his students, attracts hundreds of students to his classes and lab sessions. This popularity could be because of his youth, charm, good looks, sex appeal or his terrific (camera) equipment, but Andy claims that in any college, students are just interested in photography.

This might give a general idea why students enroll in his classes, but it is Andy's dedication, ability and fun personality that make him a teacher students rave about.

The 4th and T story is only one of many that Andy tells which keep his students alert and laughing. The classes have an easy-going, relaxed atmosphere. During almost every class, there is a slide show, usually of his own work, with some unique behind-the-scenes story to go with each slide.

For example, there was the time Andy rode the escalator in Weinstock's 36 times just to get the effect he wanted for a picture. By the time he got through, there were two security guards waiting for him to find out what he was doing.

Then there was the time he was in Latrobe taking pictures of cows in a field. When the cows didn't turn out to be good models, Andy chased one particular cow to a position he wanted, ran back to his camera and click went the shutter.

Or how about the time he was up in Boreal taking pictures of skiers? He wanted a particular shot; so he asked five people to help build a ski jump out of snow. Then he asked a skier to ski over the jump for a picture.

The skier had only 40 feet to stop before coming to a dense grove of trees. It's bad enough one time, but Andy asked him to do it three times. Luckily three times was enough because after the third try the skier couldn't stop and collided with some trees. The end result was a bent pole, broken ski and wrecked binding.

Of course, posing for Andy DeLucia is not always this dangerous. Sometimes the hazard is his. On assignment for the Bee, Andy had to take pictures of a pet lion. The close-up shots were great. In fact, Andy got so close that a few seconds after shooting, the lion had the camera in his mouth.

Even though the stories are funny, they remind us of just how dedicated a good photographer has to be. The stories also help stimulate our own imagination for good angles when we go out shooting. It also proves to what lengths some people will go for a good picture.



Babich strikes again

By Marcia Hammond

Twisted ankles, pulled muscles and sore arms. Such are typical of the bodily risks an athlete takes every day he or she plays.

In this case the athlete is a she. City College softball player Carmel Babich, a rightfielder, injured herself sliding into second base during a game against American River in April. Babich suffered a jammed left shoulder and a swollen left knee, but she was back in action the following game.

Babich, batting near .400, is the team's only returning starter from last season. Majoring in natural resources, she plans to graduate this summer and transfer to California State University, Humbolt in the fall. She would like to be a forest ranger.

The long, tiring games and practices don't keep Babich from studying. "I get my studying done. It may be at the last minute, but it gets done."

Despite occasional rumors that females who are exceptionally skilled at the same thing can't get along together, the City College team has no internal feuding. Says Babich, "The whole team gets along real well." About her hard-driving coach Rena Barsanti, she says "Barsanti is the best woman coach I've ever been coached by."

There is always pressure on an athlete during the game, but for Babich there is a different kind of pressure depending on who she plays with. "When I play with women I don't feel that kind of pressure. But when I play with men I definitely do feel it because I want to prove to them that women have the ability to play sports."

An issue that hits home with Babich is the need for improvement in women's sports. "City's softball needs more coverage and field caretakers. The men's team [baseball] has everything set up for them; we have to do it all for ourselves.

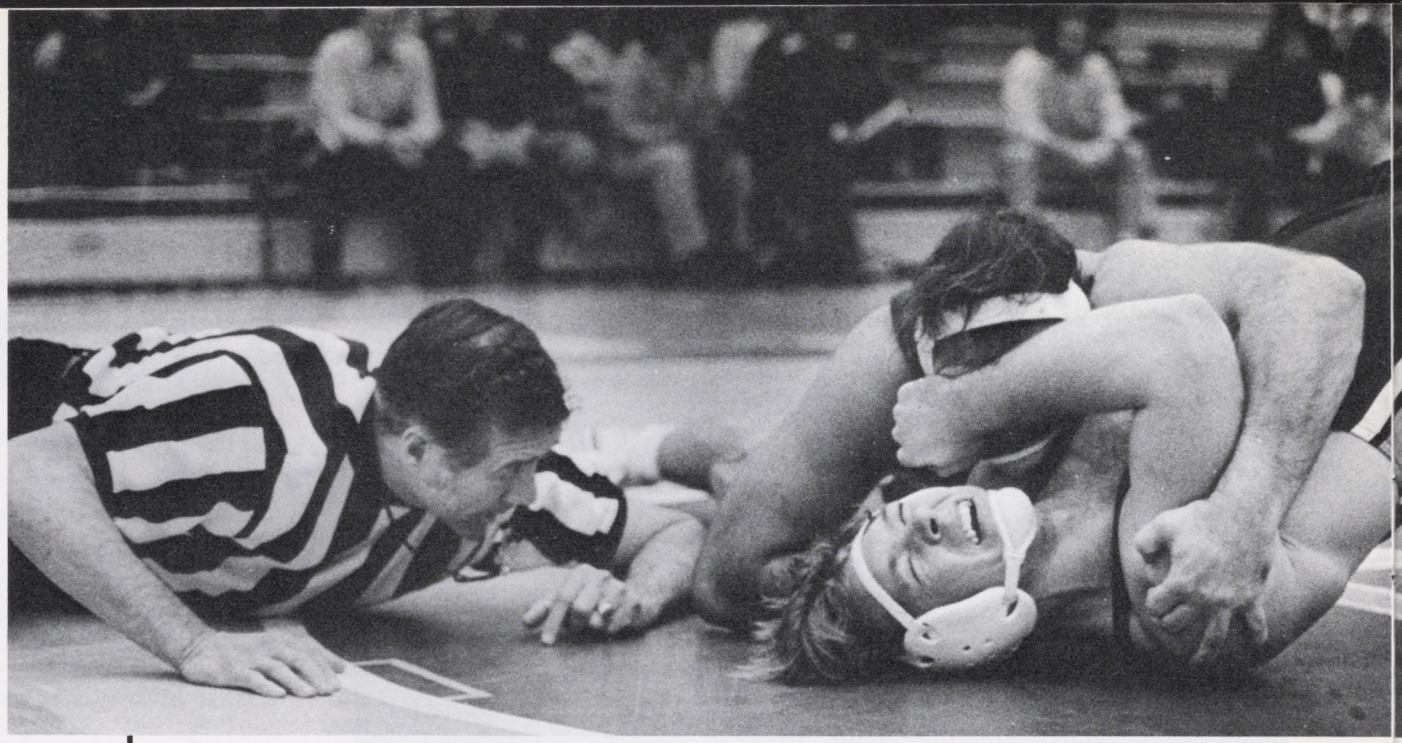
"We need new uniforms, nicer shirts. We need money," comments Babich. Babich feels that there is also a need for more women coaches. "Now when I say we need more women coaches, I mean women who specialize in a specific sport. I hate to see men coaching women's teams.

"I also feel that Sac City should have a women's track and gymnastics team. A lot of talent is being wasted in these two sports.

"What it basically comes down to is City's women's sports desperately needs money. I feel women should get an equal amount of money per sport as the men, and until this happens the women athletes of Sac City will continue to suffer."

Babich adds, "I do understand that changes will take time because there are many changes to be made."





Sports, Sports, Sports



Photo by George Nordstrom

Pain, frustration, disappointment and joy.

All are part of the world of an athlete. Sports are not always rewarding, especially if more games are lost than won. Injuries, major or minor, can occur at any time, games or practices. Frustration and disappointment come with losing; joy, with winning.

Nevertheless, win or lose, the athlete is in the spotlight. A costly error can turn a hero into a bum overnight. On the other hand, a spectacular play might catapult a mediocre player into instant glory.

When the athletes are losing, fans are quick to criticize, but winning is another matter. Those same fans become non-stop with praise.

There is no such thing as a simple sport. Football is not easier than baseball, or vice-versa. Concentration, talent and skill are required in all sports. And women do not have it easier than men. Regardless of the sex or sport, determination and dedication are equally needed.



Photo by Bryan Patrick



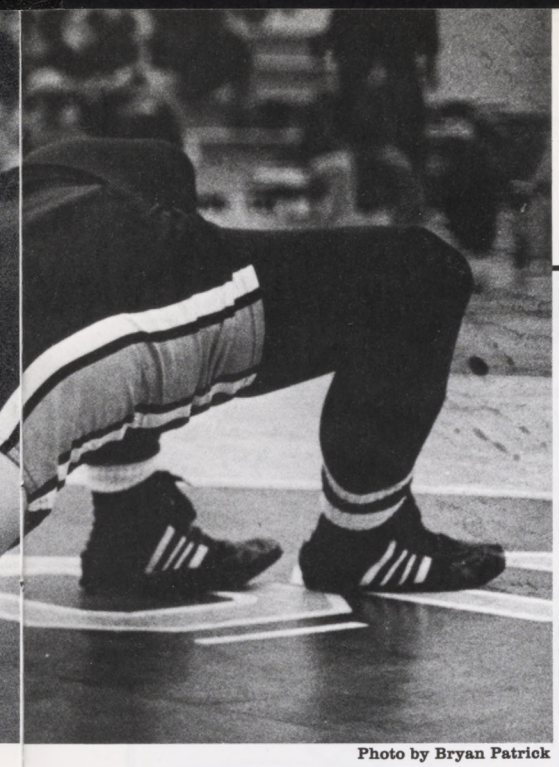


Photo by Bryan Patrick



Photo by Scott Sommerdorf

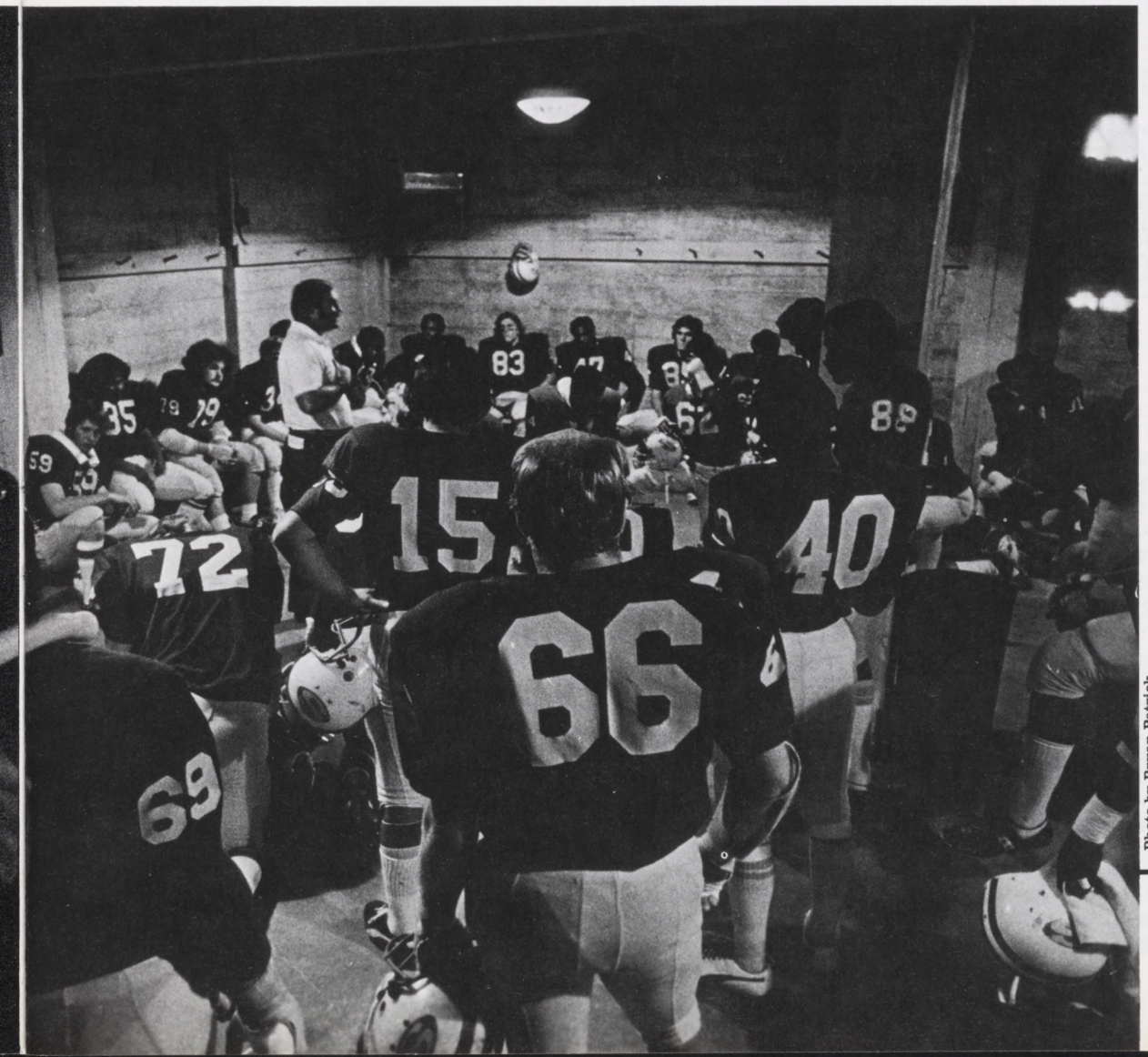


Photo by Bryan Patrick

If I hear the 'world of work' one more time



By Mary Cage

Question: What is it like to be on a campus selection committee?

Answer: Exhausting.

I know that is the right answer because I served on a selection committee earlier this semester.

A selection committee is one step in the Los Rios hiring procedure.

I got on the committee by telling the president of the college that I wanted to find out how a selection committee works, and find out I did.

The committee was made up of two administrators, two faculty members, two classified employees, two students and one district representative.

Before someone comes before a selection committee, he or she turns in an application. These applications are screened, and the people who appear to be best qualified are asked to come before the committee for interviews.

But being on a selection committee means more than just sitting at interview sessions. It also means rescheduling some of your classes for a few days or cutting them.

Fortunately, the committee only met three days; so the strain on my class schedule wasn't that great. Unfortunately, the strain on me was.

Monday: The 11 committee members got together for the first time.

A student on a selection committee does not play a role any different from that of a faculty or staff member. Everyone wants to select the best person for the college and the student body, but the typical student is at a disadvantage since he or she has probably never served on a selection committee before.

I didn't have any reason to feel uncomfortable though; the inexperienced people outnumbered the experienced people five to one.

The inexperienced committee members got a little help from Bernard Flanagan, the district's vice chancellor of personnel, who



briefed us about what to ask and what to do.

He explained that the committee does not actually select the person to be hired. Rather it serves as an advisory committee to the president of the college.

The committee selects a certain number to recommend and gives the list to the president. From those lists, the president selects the final applicant. The appointment is final when the board of trustees approves it.

After Flanagan finished his briefing, which was all too brief — it seemed like five or ten minutes — the committee prepared its list of questions and eagerly awaited the applicants.

The first applicant sounded good, very good. The natural assumption was "He's qualified. Let's hire him." But that was an assumption born out of naivete and inexperience.

As the interviews progressed, my attitude changed. Instead of succeeding applicants sounding good, they all just started to sound the same.

Assuming all the applicants were qualified, the only thing I had to go on was the personal impression each applicant left.

I had serious reservations about personality being such an important criterion. Qualified until proven otherwise; that's the way I wanted to view each applicant. In theory that is great, but in practice it does not work.

There had to be some way to rank people and, along with job history and educational background, personality played an important role.

Tuesday: By the second day, the committee would have flunked its own personality criterion. A little less eager and a little less happy, midway through the interview sessions the committee was ready to fall asleep. It had heard one too many references about the "world of work" and other bureaucratic terminology and wanted to forget it all.

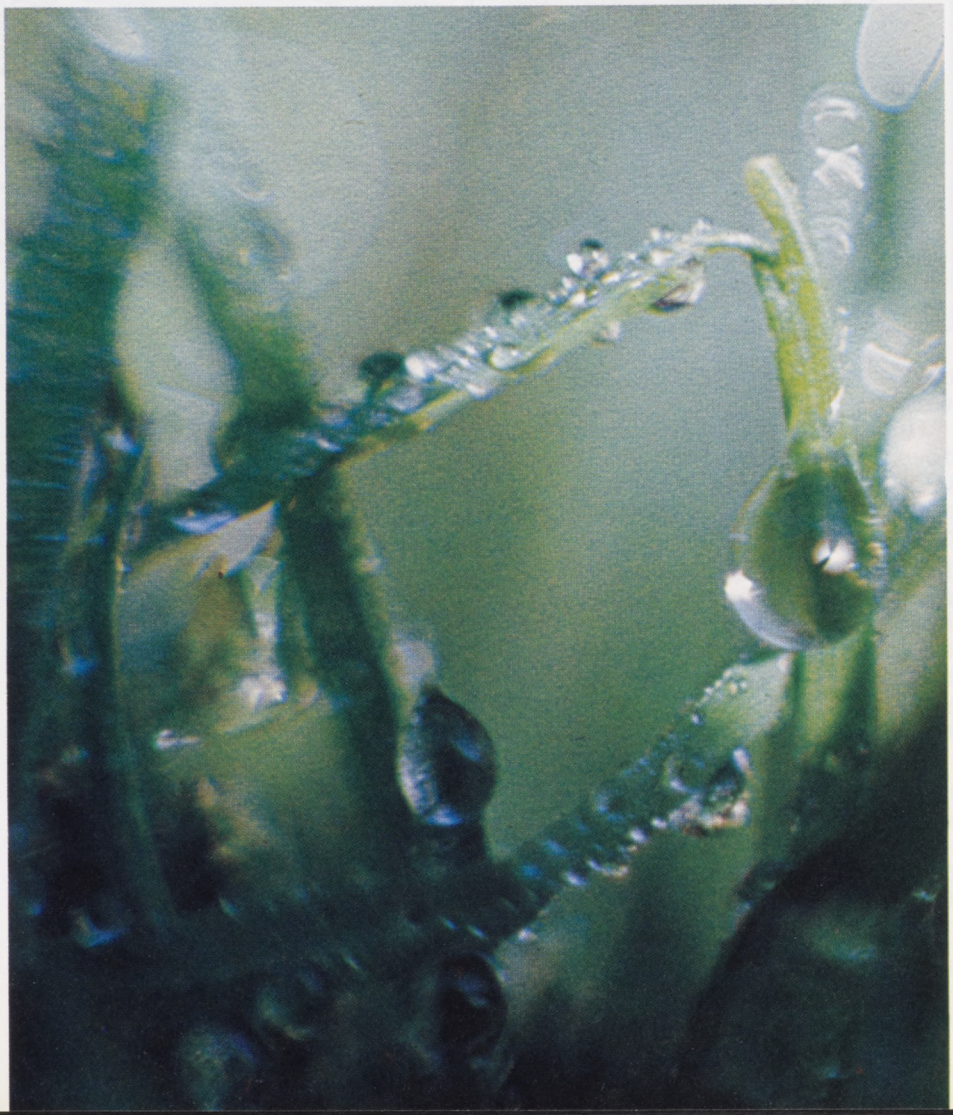
Friday: This was the final day. After a few more interviews, the committee would have to name the top six applicants.

Committee members had had a two-day rest and were ready to compile their lists of qualified applicants.

Even though I couldn't help but be discouraged by the mediocre applicants, there were some applicants that I was glad to recommend. Those applicants made being on the committee worthwhile.

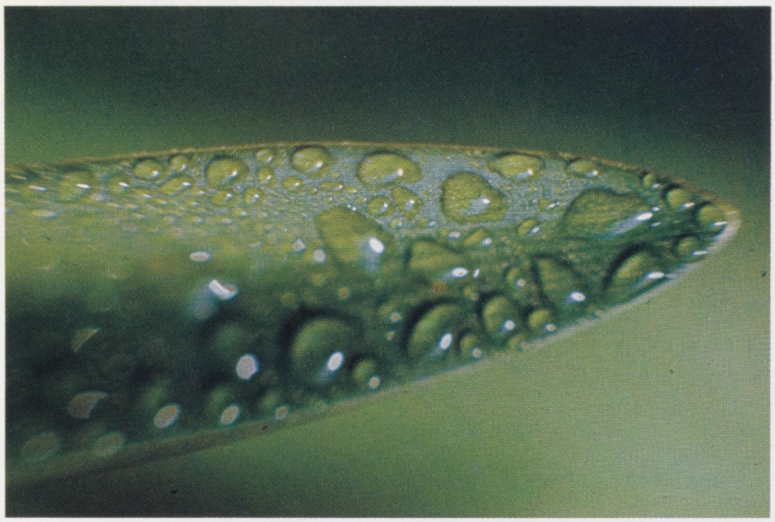






Photos by Bryan Patrick

Morning rain



A glistening drop on a shiny leaf. A rose lifting its face for the kiss of morning dew. Beauty and nature combined.

The transparent drop reflects the sun and transforms the colors of the flowers to glimmering rays of light.

Insects awaken and begin their endless journeys from flower to flower and plant to plant. As they alight upon the delicate blossoms, the clinging drops fall to the ground to feed the greenery below.

Gradually the sky lightens and brightens, and the moisture of the drops is drawn upward to be stored for the never-ending cycle of moisture to earth and moisture back to sky.





Photo by Bryan Patrick



Photo by George Nordstrom

People and places

People and places is a general title for a general topic. City College has produced many people who got involved in many different areas.

Ted Baggelmann, noted for his beautiful, meticulously accurate sketches of the Gold Rush country, is one example.

Senator Albert Rodda and City Councilperson Callie Carney are two City College alumni who found their way into politics.

Another person who knows California government well is Betty Henderson. Henderson may not be a City College grad, but her years of experience in the executive offices of the state capitol have given her a clear insight into California politics.

Another area City College students got involved in was student unrest. Outgoing president Sam Kipp recalls some of the hectic moments in 1968-69.

The McGeorge School of Law had its start at City College, and our feature on its mock courtroom will give the reader an idea of where it is headed.

VIEWPOINT

The person you admire

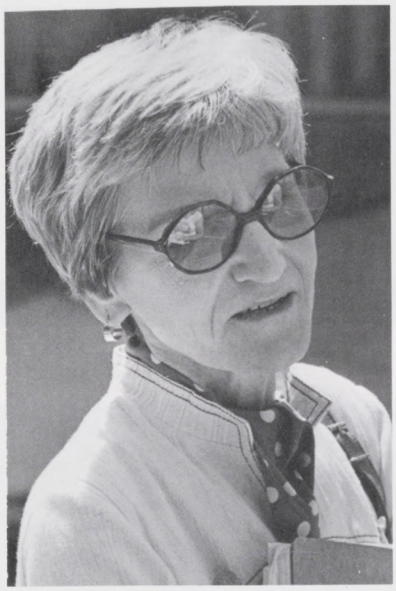
Today, there are many people whose activities can be looked back on and remembered well. Such personalities as Martin Luther King, John F. Kennedy, Martha Mitchell and many others have impressed their lives upon ours. We wondered who City College students admired most.



Debbie Weintraub, 19, Undeclared — "I've never met Barbra Streisand, but I think she is the person I most admire, probably because I've always been interested in the theatre, and her acting is great.

"She has gone from nothing to something and made her life worthwhile. I would have majored in theatre myself, but I didn't think I could make a living at it, and I can in psychology.

"If I ever have the chance to meet Barbra Streisand, I will ask her how she got started, what was her first break, and if she did theatre when she was younger."



Julianna Bernedo, 53, Art — "Of all the people I've known, I guess it's my father I've most admired. He was a physician and a very kind, gentle man. To him, all men were equal.

"He was a good Christian, and to me he was a wonderful father. There were eight of us children, and to him we were all the same.

"I can't say anything nicer about him than to say he loved his fellow man. He never believed there was enough time in one lifetime to learn everything. He always said it takes two lifetimes."



William Buttler, 23, Geophysics — "The person I most admire? Myself. I believe in myself. You've got to believe in yourself. If you don't believe in yourself, first, how can you believe in others? There are others I admire, but I admire myself first.

"I hope to get a degree in my major. I want to study earthquakes. I'm proud of the field I'm going into because I want to help people, and geophysics will give me that opportunity. Every day you hear about earthquakes killing thousands of people.

"I hope to save millions of people or more through the predictions of earthquakes. I hope to make a breakthrough, with perhaps cockroaches. Like some other animals, they get skittish just before an earthquake."



Photo by Scott Sommerdorf

Photo by Bryan Patrick





Old Town

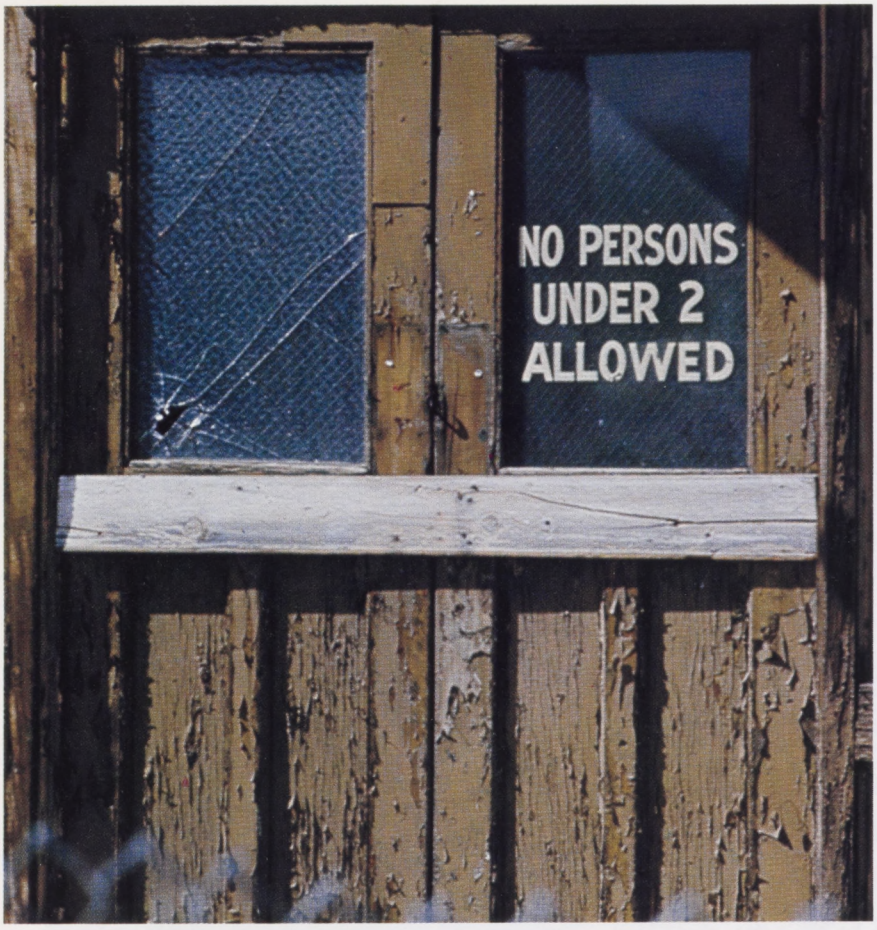


Photo by Bryan Patrick

The cobbled streets are crowded. Fun-seekers and history buffs mingle on the wooden sidewalks. Bars, shops and restaurants thrive in what is now a registered national landmark.

The history of Old Sacramento began in August of 1839 when John Sutter first set foot on the banks of the Sacramento.

Gold fever brought in the 49'ers, while a man named Sam Brannan was busy building the town into a bustling commercial center. Fuller Paint opened its first store here, and the Sacramento Union printed its first edition in 1851.

Floods and fires were unable to conquer Old Sacramento, and the town enjoyed prosperity until gradually the business district moved out of the area. The once thriving part of town declined until by the mid 1900's it was known as the largest skid row on the West Coast.

There was talk of tearing down the once fine buildings and putting up freeways, but there were some who felt that the history of Old Sacramento should be preserved.

Careful restoration continues. The freeways were built around the town. Business returned. The cobbled streets are crowded once more.



Photo by Scott Sommerdorf



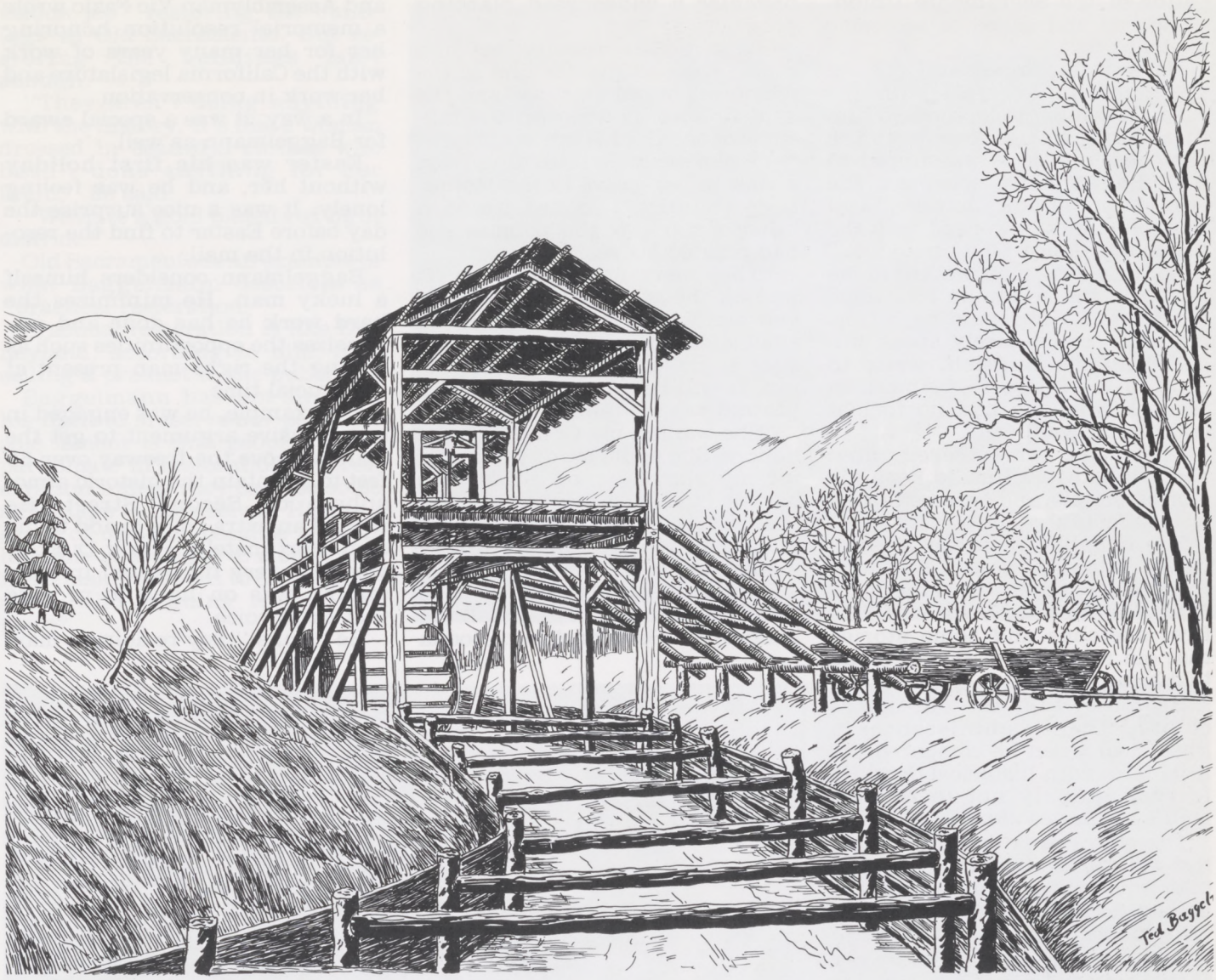
Photo by Bryan Patrick

Baggelmann: artist-historian

Ted Baggelmann, a former City College student, is a noted California artist. One year ago, he received a Special Resolution from the State Senate Rules Committee commending him for his work.

We wish to thank him for a special favor. This is the first Pioneer in seven years and we wanted to make it a very special issue. Baggelmann helped us toward that goal when he agreed to do the cover sketch.





By Mary Cage and Ruth Farley

Anyone who enjoys Old Sacramento or the Mother Lode should know artist-historian Ted Baggelmann.

The German immigrant has been active in the restoration and preservation of old buildings and sites throughout California and Nevada for decades and is now working on a book about the Emigrant Trail.

A nattily-dressed, portly gentleman with sparkling blue eyes, Baggelmann is reminiscent of the burghers of old Germany. He says Rhinelanders are jolly, easy-going people, and the description fits him — usually.

When he finds incorrect facts in an article about California history, however, he seems to grow taller, and his blue eyes take on a steely gleam. His soft voice gets louder, and he is ready to take up the sword for battle.

Originally, Baggelmann came to America in 1929 to study advertising. He has remained here ever since except for a short period when he was researching John Sutter's background in Switzerland.

Baggelmann met his wife, Francie, shortly after he arrived in the United States. "She was my first American sweetheart," he says. She wanted him to go to San Francisco to study art, but he couldn't afford the expensive education she suggested. She offered financial assistance, but it was impossible for him to accept because of his upbringing.

Their romance cooled somewhat, and they saw each other only infrequently during the next 14 years. Then, one day they met at a public function, and he asked her out to dinner.

Friends, who had been admonishing them for their foolishness, persuaded the couple that they should marry. Thirteen days later on Dec. 30, 1956, they were wed.

Baggelmann learned pen and ink sketching from John Matthew at Sacramento Junior College, but at first he was tempted to drop out of class because it was so different from the schools in his homeland.

Students in Germany were more serious and formal in their approach to education. After a few weeks, though, he realized that American students learned just as much. They were just more casual.

He made his first sketch of a building in Coloma because "that's where it all started." Coloma whetted his appetite for the past, and he became engrossed in the history and romance of the Mother Lode, but he didn't think he had much to offer the public.

However, in 1947 E.E. Nichols,

editor of the Sacramento Union, disagreed and asked to see some sketches.

He was impressed and offered Baggelmann a small sum for them. When Baggelmann told him that he had stories to go with the sketches, the price was upped to $15. Baggelmann accepted; the two men shook hands; and Baggelmann has worked with the Union ever since.

As the young man walked home from the interview, he had some misgivings. How could he, a German who could barely speak understandable English, write to capture the interest of American readers when he had no formal training in writing?

Then he remembered how Nichols had told him to keep his stories simple and interesting as well as factual.

The curator of Sutter's Fort, Harry Peterson, taught him how to research when he came back from the Mother Lode with his first sketches and some stories that old residents of the area had told him.

He found that the old-timers colored their reminiscences a great deal when he compared the local tales with historical data. He learned quickly not to rely on men's memories alone.

The editor was delighted with his writing and told him not to take any writing courses because he had a natural talent for short, pithy prose.

Baggelmann did not worry about meeting deadlines because his boss at the men's wear store told him to take the time he needed to do his sketching and write his stories.

"From then on, I wrote my own ticket," he says. "When I wanted to go to the Mother Lode for a day of sketching, I went. I picked my own time to come in and decorate the display window."

Baggelmann and his wife worked side by side as he sketched spruce and juniper trees along the Emigrant Trail. She hiked with him and was his unrelenting critic. When he tried to take a shortcut in his descriptions, she made him discipline himself.

Baggelmann's love for poppies earned him the nickname Teddy Poppy Seed. He was a member of the Sacramento County Historical Society in 1956 when he suggested a poppy reseeding program as a living memorial to California's pioneers. The society approved of the idea and appointed him chairman of a committee to organize a widespread planting program.

His wife died recently, but in a sense, she will live for him in the memories of his sketches and the wild flowers blowing on the hillsides of the Gold Rush country.

"When we were returning from a visit to her grave in the Mother Lode country, I looked up on a hillside and saw the poppies she had planted 20 years ago.

"They were nodding to me. It was as though she were waving and smiling at me," he says. "I shall miss her, but she left me with a job to do, and I am ready to begin. It will be a new phase of my life and work — alone.

"She wanted me to have all the honors. She wrote beautiful poetry for my sketches and refused to have it published because she felt that my work was more important," he recalled in a slightly husky voice.

Francie Baggelmann may have wanted her husband to get all the honors, but Senator Albert Rodda and Assemblyman Vic Fazio wrote a memorial resolution honoring her for her many years of work with the California legislature and her work in conservation.

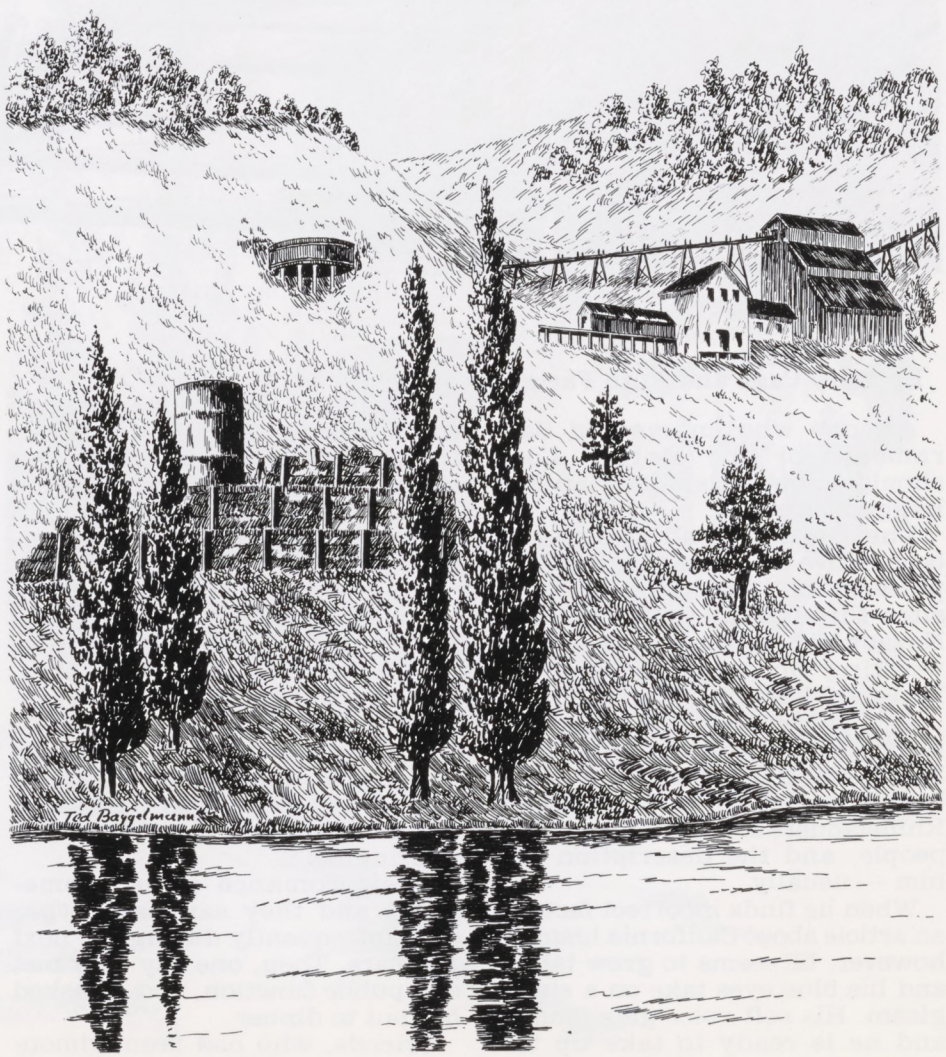
In a way, it was a special award for Baggelmann as well.

Easter was his first holiday without her, and he was feeling lonely. It was a nice surprise the day before Easter to find the resolution in the mail.

Baggelmann considers himself a lucky man. He minimizes the hard work he has done and emphasizes the opportunities such as having the right man present at the crucial time.

For example, he was engaged in a persuasive argument to get the state to move the freeway over 50 feet to maintain the historic atmosphere on Second Street. He needed an extra voice to add to his own. Fortunately, Frank Durkee, who was very influential in state affairs, was on hand to provide that extra voice.

He thinks "they're doing a mar-



velous job'' restoring the buildings in Old Sacramento. But restoring the buildings isn't enough.

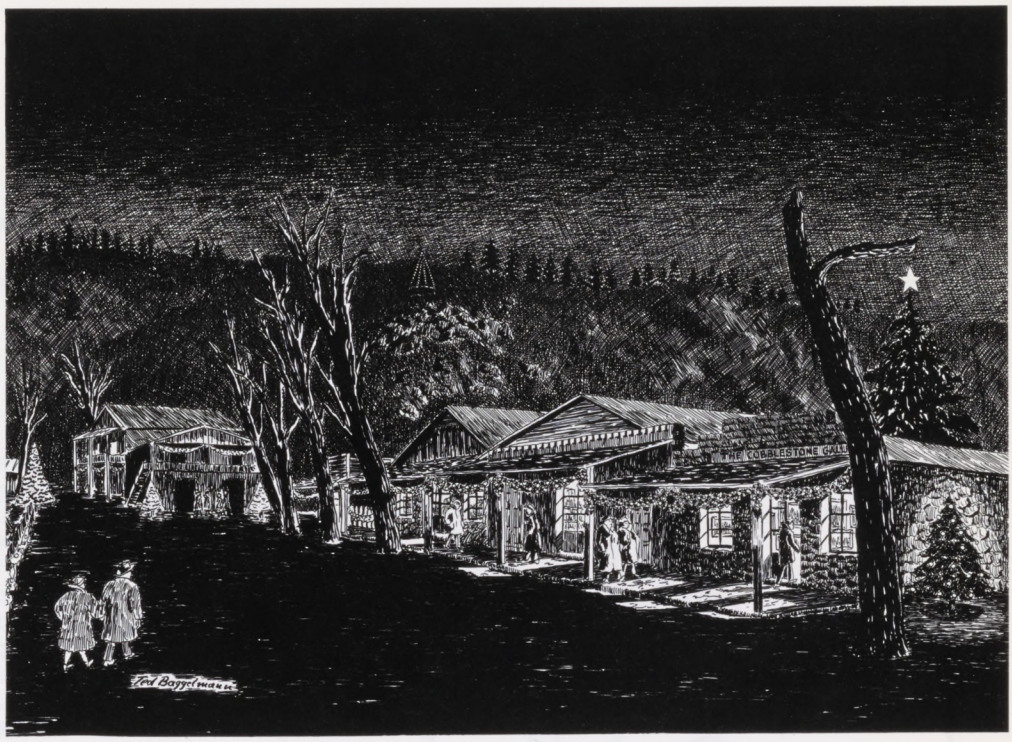
''They aren't doing anything with the history. It's like a woman dressed in beautiful clothes who hasn't done anything for her brain,'' he said.

''We have a gold plated red light district.''

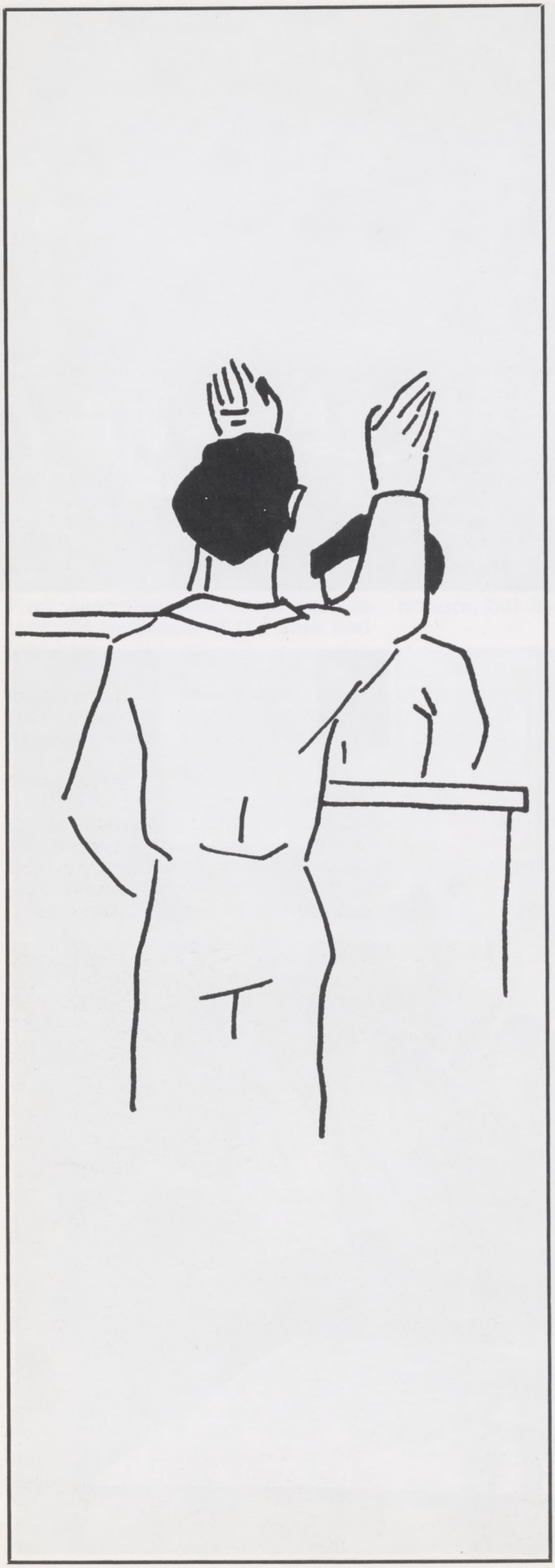
Old Sacramento is an example of what Baggelmann describes as ''practical restoration.''

Practical restoration is like Disneyland, according to him; it is selling a product to the public.

Baggelmann has not finished his fight to preserve our past. His sole lament is that people do not participate in restoration or preservation unless they can see some advantage to themselves. He has a sense of urgency because he feels his time is drawing to a close and if the task he set out to do is unfinshed, who is going to take his place?







Courtroom of

By Ellen Graebe

The scene is a futuristic, circular courtroom, monitored closely by hidden television cameras. Judge and jury watch split-screen images on miniature video screens placed unobtrusively into benches and tables.

Behind the spectator section, a court technician works in back of a two-way mirror adjusting lighting and camera controls.

The two attorneys present their closing arguments, and the eight-member jury leaves the room to deliberate. Shortly after, the verdict is in, and the trial is over.

A glimpse into the future?

A future that is only as far away as the University of Pacific's McGeorge School of Law.

The Courtroom of the Future on McGeorge's campus was opened in 1973 to serve not only as a classroom where law students could gain experience in trial procedure but also as a demonstration of how certain changes in the courtroom design might affect the judicial system. It was the first special trial courtroom to be constructed on a law school campus.

A sign welcomes the visitor to the Legal Advocacy Building where the courtroom is housed. Security is a major concern once one has entered the lobby.

"You walk in the front door and you're on film," Ken Ferry, the court custodian, said as small black holes near the ceiling gave evidence of ever-watchful cameras.

Going into the courtroom itself, visitors are viewed through one-way glass, and an electronic security system can detect weapons. All doors can be locked electronically in case of an emergency.

"It makes for a secure atmosphere," Ferry said.

The most interesting aspect of the courtroom is its circular design. Judge, jury, counsel, clerk and witness sit facing each other around the perimeter.

"It brings all participants in for closer interaction," Prof. Stuart Brody, director of research, explained. No one participant is more than 18 to 20 feet away from another

Carpeting is not only wall-to-wall, but covers the walls themselves, helping the accoustic system. Microphones are built into benches and tables in front of the participants so that everything can be heard clearly by all.

Controlling the cameras, the court technician focuses them at all times on the most important happenings, which are then projected on two larger screens for the audience and smaller ones for the participants. The most common image is a split-screen shot of both witness and interrogator.

McGeorge's Dean Gordon Schaber explained the

the Future

reason behind having small television monitors to Charles D. Kelso, editor of Learning and the Law.

"In the average courtroom, the members of the jury will focus on the lawyer, the witness. . . . But after a while — and frequently only a little while — concentration begins to wane. Something sets in that you could call the 'wander factor.'

"The eye — and thus the attention — will begin to leave the proceedings. Our studies have shown that the 'wander factor' is reduced very substantially by the presence of the small monitors. In not more than six to eight seconds the eye falls on a monitor and attention is recaptured."

Other features of the court include a phone system so that, for example, the bailiff need only dial a number to have a light go on on the judge's phone; a projector built into the wall for any films an attorney may wish to show on a screen that lowers from the ceiling at the push of a button; a blackboard directly behind the witness box that can be used as such or pushed down to reveal an X-ray light box; and an evidence pedestal that rises up out of the floor.

Surrounding the courtroom are offices for the judge, clerk, bailiff, attorneys and institute officials. A soundproof booth for the media, which would allow them to use phones and typewriters during the trial without interfering; a lounge for the witnesses; a jury room and a TV-equipped cell for unruly defendants are also available.

Although the courtroom has been used for some actual trials, it is usually reserved for senior students taking the "Trial Advocacy" class. Simulated trials go on at an average of three times weekly.

Students act as participants in the trials which cover both criminal and civil areas.

Although witnesses, defendants and jurors are portrayed by students from high schools and colleges, members of the community and drama students as well as McGeorge students, judges are usually real judges who have volunteered to preside over a trial.

"They come from a variety of places," Dr. Brody said. He added that whenever a Nevada judge is presiding, the Nevada flag is flown in place of the California flag.

The public is welcome to watch, and those interested in participating in a trial can do so by contacting the coordinator, Rick Parnell, at the school.

Students are able to take video tapes of themselves in action to job interviews, and Dr. Brody feels that it has helped them get jobs. The tapes are also educational tools; students can watch themselves and others and gain tips on various aspects of courtroom procedure.

Besides training students, another important purpose of the courtroom is to test the most efficient design for courts and to determine whether television can be used to improve the administration of justice.

Experimentation is designed to answer several questions. Could trials be televised without interfering with the trial? Would such televising give the public a better concept of the judicial system? How effective would closed circuit television be in public viewing rooms when courtrooms are full or need to be cleared?

McGeorge is also making video tapes of trials for permanent records which can be played back to the jury during deliberation and in the event of a retrial.

Some informal conclusions have been reached about the optimum number of jury members. The courtroom has had from six to 12 jurors serving at a time.

"When there are fewer than 12, the jury reaches a decision faster," Dr. Brody said. He added that there have been back-up juries that have deliberated separately and that verdicts have been very similar.

Partially because of McGeorge's experience, the California Supreme Court has approved a modification of the rule that forbids cameras in the courtrooms.

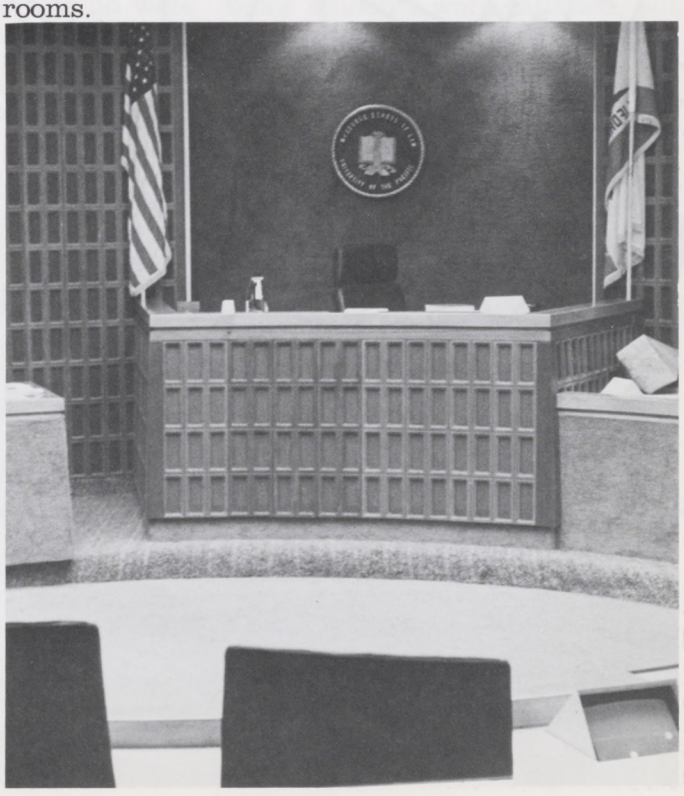


Photo by Randy Wheless

When the students

ROARED



By Mary Cage

The sixties brought a lot of changes to City College.

The campus was leveled by wrecking balls and bulldozers in preparation for the new business building, Art Court Theatre, women's gym/Student Center and graphic arts building.

The curriculum was being examined and re-examined as courses such as mass media, futurity, Experimental College and ethnic studies were added to the schedule.

But none of these changes was as vocal or dramatic as when the students roared. Because, as at its bigger cousins, Berkeley and San Francisco, student unrest hit Sacramento City College.

Students gathered in the quad. Fists waved. People shouted. They wanted change. They demanded change NOW.

"During the really angry period (1968-69), the students had only anger, not solutions. They wanted our attention, and they got it," reflected Dr. Sam Kipp, out-going president of City College.

"Students were releasing pent-up anger and bad feelings," he continued. Some of those bad feelings were "brought on by teachers, maybe some at City.

"It sounds like a cliche, but teachers have to be student-oriented. Tough teachers and tough grading only taught students to hate," he said sadly.

"Students finally said, 'Hey, we don't have to take it any more.' "

Administrators were dealing with a different kind of student, according to Dr. Kipp. "We're talking about 30-year-old people who were coming back to school."

These returning students wanted to find out more about inequality and the environment and other problems which were relevant.

One topic which was "relevant" was educational equality, and administrators were as interested in that topic as the students.

The college had an open door policy, but enrollment of minority students was still low. "We began to ask ourselves: 'Anyone can come. Why aren't they coming? Something is wrong,' " explained the former dean of student personnel. That's when the recruitment campaign got going.

"I was working on the assumption there were people who were afraid to come to campus," Dr. Kipp continued. The college tried to "establish a point of contact on their own turf" to show them there were opportunities.

However, early attempts to establish that point of contact ran into difficulties and misunderstandings.

One example was the Oak Park School of Afro-American Thought. Plans to establish the school in the American Legion School in Oak Park were aborted after black students visited the site. "The person who was responsible for checking the facility thought it was okay, but the students took one look at the little chairs and blew their tops," he said, laughing weakly.

When the Oak Park School was finally moved to the burned-out Stanford Junior High School, some students were satisfied, but not the Black Students Union which demanded a permanent site for the school as part of its Ten Demands.

During Tuesday's session of Executive Council a charge was made that the editor of this paper had commented something to the effect that "When we're through with him, Inter-Club Council President Doug Bitle won't be able to run for dogcatcher."

This statement is false. The editor of this paper wishes to go on record as having said Doug Bitle would make a fine dogcatcher.

We have no complaints whatever about what his performance would be in that capacity.

What reservations we might have about his capabilities as a student government official will remain unspoken for fear they may be interpreted as attempts to sabotage Mr. Bitle's quest for whatever job he wants – be it Executive Council president or dogcatcher.

Reprinted from May 1, 1969, Pony Express editorial page

The Black Students Union called for a "students holiday" if the administration and student government did not meet its demands. A program for black on-campus employment initiated under minority student control, an on-campus office for the Black Students Union complete with office equipment and telephone and immediate hiring of non-academic black personnel were a few of the items on its list.

The administration neither met these demands nor did the student body go on strike.

Tension was not limited to student-administration disagreements, however.

"No sooner had Doug Bitle, Inter-Club Council president, finished saying that students should 'police themselves on Pioneer Day,' read a Pony Express story in early 1969, "when he was struck in the face at Monday's ICC meeting."

The college newspaper was also part of the student versus student strife. The Executive Council demanded that each article appear with the writer's byline and that a front page article appear in each issue explaining that the opinions were those of the paper's staff and did not reflect the views of the entire Student Association.

If the Pony Express refused to comply, its funds were to be cut off.

One Executive Council member suggested, "Who will be hurt by this motion? Do you think that Hoyt Elkins (editor of the Pony Express) will lose any sleep if the funds are taken away? Instead it will just give him more time to have another beer."

The paper **did** refuse to comply, and its funds **were** cut off. It continued to publish, however, in a smaller size on cheaper paper until the funds were restored at the end of the semester.

Such dialogue continued the whole semester, leaving Dr. Kipp to sigh, "We just prayed we would last until commencement."

Despite all the threats, no one was ever hurt. "They talked about burning buildings," remembered Dr. Kipp, but nothing happened. In fact, the only damage to buildings was some paint sprayed on the walls, according to Dr. Kipp.

"Fred Foote (a Black Students Union leader) was a bright guy," Dr. Kipp continued. "He wasn't hesitant to lay it on us, but at the same time he didn't want any violence either.

"Students were trying to get their point across, but when it came down to violence, our kids didn't want any part of it."



Moving up

Dr. Sam Kipp smiles as he receives a resolution from Senator Albert Rodda but the resolution may be one of the last awards he receives as City College's president.

Earlier this year he was promoted to vice-chancellor of education by the Los Rios Community College District, and he will assume those responsibilities July 1.

This promotion marks the end of a 23-year career at City College where he has been a math instructor, dean of liberal arts and dean of student personnel.

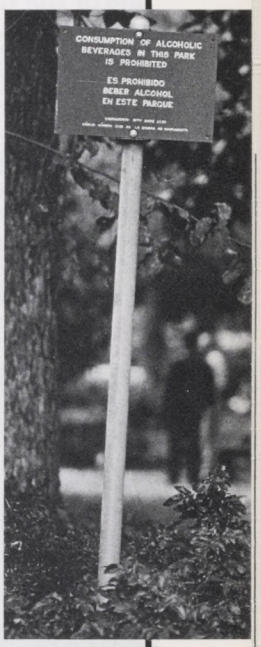
When he was dean of student personnel, students turned to him when they had a problem or a complaint. At no time were those complaints more frequent than 1968 and 1969.





Lonely Days

Alone and without hope
their dreams fade away
They sit silently

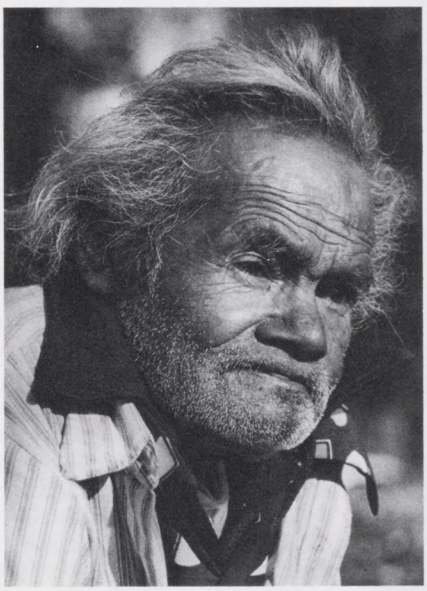


The community has a lot to be proud of: good schools for its children, new housing developments for its families. It is even renovating the state capitol for its politicians. But what has been done for its senior citizens?

Broderick and downtown Sacramento have become refuges for those too poor, those too old or those too alone to find shelter elsewhere.

Their lined faces and sad eyes are proof of their despair.

Some gather in parks but for others the despair is too great. They find their solace in a bottle.



Photos by
Bryan Patrick
and Dennis McCoy



Inside the Governor's Mansion

By Carol Dowell

When most of us go to work each day, we don't have much chance of accidentally popping in on our boss in his bathrobe eating breakfast.

Especially not if the boss is the governor of California.

But it happened to Betty Henderson when her boss was Governor Goodwin Knight, and it's just one of the myriad of memories she has of the 15 years she worked on the staffs of Governors Earl Warren and Goodwin Knight.

For two of those years her job was liaison secretary to the mansion assiting Mrs. Warren, and later, she spent 16 months with her own office right in the mansion as secretary to Mrs. Knight.

"I always had the feeling of surprised amazement that it was I," recalls Henderson of her experiences in the home of these two first families such as the time Governor Knight serenaded her with "Stardust" on the grand piano in his living room.

Henderson's first encounter with Governor Warren was when she had the job of taking the minutes at his cabinet meetings.

"I felt quite insignificant," she laughs, remembering herself as a young journalism graduate from the University of Montana suddenly in the company of the governor of California, his chiefs of staff, the press and the serious issues of the state.

During Governor Warren's administration, there was not yet any money provided in the state budget for a secretary to the governor's wife. Mrs. Warren, who still insisted on fixing her children's lunches and ironing her husband's shirts, often stayed up until four in the morning tending to her endless duties as first lady.

When funding became available, Henderson, who was then assisting the departmental secretary to the governor, was given the liaison secretary job and began working closely with Mrs. Warren on correspondence and other personal tasks.

Little did she know that soon she was to become a sort of "investigative reporter" into the mansion's history which up to that point had amazingly gone unrecorded and was rapidly becoming forgotten.

With the concern and encouragement of both Mrs. Warren and later Mrs. Knight, Henderson took on the mansion as a permanent research project and discovered a "romantic past of inheritance, happiness and bitterness."

Often Henderson acted as tour guide for the groups which both the Warrens and Knights welcomed to the mansion with some frequency.

She remembers with admiration how once when Mrs. Knight was ill, she wouldn't hear of disappointing a group of tourists by turning them away. She told Henderson, "I'll tell you what, I'll go in the west bedroom and you can show them everything else. Oh, and please be sure to open all the closet doors; so nobody will have to be embarassed to ask." Mrs. Knight was known to have a beautiful collection of slippers which she knew the ladies would want to see.

Incidents such as this which exhibited the first ladies' willingness to share their lives and friendship with all Californians touched Henderson time and again. She mentions how both women's kindnesses were always enhanced by their loveliness and warm, charming speaking voices.

Today, Henderson has compiled enough stories and secrets about the mansion's 100-year-old history and the families who have



lived in it to fill numerous files and scrapbooks, and she is still adding materials.

She has already written a 37-page pamphlet for the Sacramento County Historial Society called "Families in the Mansion" which briefly describes the scenes and characters the fine old Victorian has held. "A nice fat book" is in the planning, but there's the problem of organizing what and what not to include from her immense collection of memorabilia.

It is the families she loves to talk about. "The governors are important but incidental, " she smiles.

In conducting her research, Henderson has interviewed people from the children of the governors to friends of friends of the housekeepers. Usually her information is of a positive nature. She explains matter-of-factly, "I know there are people that think some of the governors were stinkers, but when you interview their daughters, they aren't going to think so."

But this is all right with Henderson. She does not wish to go around exposing any really terrible scandals, just the interesting ones.

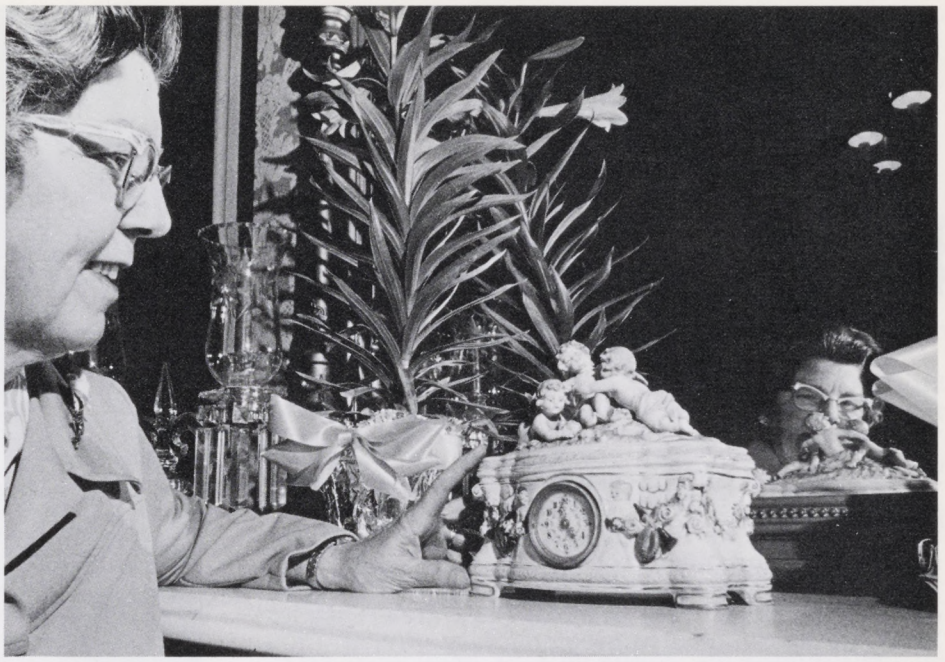
The deep respect and love she felt for both the Warrens and the Knights give her faith that there are many highly honorable politicians mingled in with the "stinkers."

Most importantly what one can learn from Betty Henderson's experience with public figures is of their humanness. She cites the time Governor Warren's daughter received a get well letter from Dinah Shore, and the little girl kept it under her pillow for days. And the time Mrs. Knight was so relieved when assured that an impromptu speech she had given had been all right that she wept. Henderson muses, "I don't think very important people ever really feel important."

When Betty Henderson visits the Governor's Mansion today, there is hardly a panel of wallpaper or doorhandle that doesn't have some personal meaning for her or recalls a story.

She relates with deserving pride how she used to "walk from the basement up to the cupola without stopping for a breath. One-hundred steps actually!"

She feels, "It's a little like coming back to school. You identify, but you really don't belong anymore. I'm sufficiently possessive that I'm concerned when they change it. But I know all houses have to change."



Betty Henderson takes us on a tour for a closer look at the mansion.

In a poem she wrote entitled "The Mansion," she refers to the house's main staircase as the "curving stair that soars aloft to the romantic past of its inheritors."

Henderson examines one of the 14 photographs of first ladies in the first floor hallway of the mansion. Mrs. Goodwin Knight became interested in the governor's wives who had preceded her in the mansion and enlisted Henderson's aid in putting this collection together.

When Mrs. Earl Warren moved to the mansion in 1943, she found this French porcelain clock lying broken on a shelf in one of the mansion bathrooms. Her decorator found the missing chips of porcelain in a pile of junk which had been carted from the mansion to the dump. Neither the age nor the origin of the clock has ever been determined.



Nothing new about hard work

By Marcia Hammond

How many Sacramentans can name the members of the City Council? Or even the council representative from their district? Chances are not many. So fewer would be aware that two of the nine members are women, and one of these women is black.

Former City College student Callie Carney, council representative from the Oak Park area (District Five), never planned to become a city official. Carney, mother of 10, just felt she had something to offer the community in terms of her skills and abilities.

Carney is not a novice at hard work. Before joining the council, she had been involved in many area projects. Among her diversified activities, she has been a consultant for the state school board under Max Rafferty; a counselor at Grant Union High School and the YWCA Youth Program; a Girl Scout leader for seven years; a Cub Scout leader for five years and a guest lecturer on the University of California campuses.

In November of 1975, Mayor Phil Isenberg and the City Council voted Carney councilperson to the Fifth District because they believed she was the best qualified. Having lived and worked in the area since 1955, Carney feels she represents a broad section of the people of her district.

The City Council, of course, sets all city policies. Each member is elected by the citizens in her or his area. Everything in the city is under the council's jurisdiction; licenses, zoning laws, housing, sewer and water problems are typical of the council's everyday concerns. Carney's main interests are housing, new buildings and employment.

Carney is concerned also about the youths in her district and everywhere else. She says, "Black youths take things for granted here in the West. In Mississippi, blacks participate more in politics because they had to fight so long to get their rights and education. Kids here have everything.

"They go to school (primary and secondary) and don't have to pay for their books; so they don't care about what they're learning. Blacks are not challenging the educational system, and I'm concerned about their survival.

"I don't think kids care about politics. They're disinterested. Of the 42 per cent of young eligible voters in my district, only two per cent voted. There are so few leaders, but there are a bunch of followers. If someone's friend doesn't vote, he won't vote either. They know who so-and-so on the soap operas are, and what they're doing, but they don't know who is on the City Council, and they don't care that they don't. The young need to start learning now about politics."

Carney attended City College four years ago, competing with one of her daughters for grades.



She concentrated on humanities, sociology and social psychology. No political science. She never thought she would need it. After all, she wasn't going into politics.

But into politics she is. Each year the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce sends a task force to Washington, D.C. to discuss city problems and possible solutions with federal officials. Invited last year, Carney declined, feeling the time could be spent "getting a grip on my district." Asked again this year, she accepted and said the March trip to the capital was "beautiful and informative."

As if this isn't enough, in April Carney went to Boston to meet with the National Consumer Law Commission to help with research. The commission does all the back-up work for the legal aid services around the country. Carney, recommended by the Davis and McGeorge law schools, was contacted by Boston lawyers who requested that she join them.

When asked how she felt about politics in general, Carney said, "Politics is the most vicious and inhuman area a person could ever be in. People only see others as being in the way of what they want. They don't see each other as people, as individuals."

Callie Carney has done a good job in Oak Park. So good in fact that Mayor Isenberg is the co-chairman of her re-election committee.

Carney is the first black female on the council. She is also the first non-professional poverty person with no background career in politics from that area to be in politics.

Although Carney admits that politics is a callous and unfeeling arena, she says that if blacks want to get anything done, it has to be through politics and education. Her message to blacks, "Get involved."

Future of community colleges

By Mary Cage

Few people have been able to study the growth of community colleges the way Senator Albert Rodda has. His experience as a City College student and instructor combined with his work on the Senate Education Committee have given him an unusually broad background.

Dr. Rodda is in a good position to predict the future of community colleges and it is money, he predicts, that is going to be of growing concern for community colleges and students.

"The concept of community colleges has changed extremely," he says. Community colleges are "responding to a much greater challenge."

"I think between 80 and 85 per cent of the students said they were planning to go to University of California, Berkeley, or similar colleges," he says, remembering his days as a community college student 46 years ago.

The emphasis today is on adult education, according to Dr. Rodda. Adult education programs have been expanding to meet the demand, but this has created another challenge.

Where is the money to pay for these programs?

As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Dr. Rodda knows that community colleges must find an answer to that question.

"As an educator," says the former City College political science instructor, "I would say, 'Yes, we should meet this need.' But as a politician, I have to ask, 'Can we afford it?'

"If this demand grows and the schools want to respond to it, tuition is possible."

He doesn't want to see tuition for reading and writing courses, nor does he want to see tuition for "courses which allow people to develop new skills."

"Maybe adults who are attending out of curiosity might have to contribute something," he suggests. "But how do you do that without discrimination? I think we are in a dilemma."

The senator foresees another dilemma as well. "We could see a return of Watts," he warns solemnly.

As a member of the Education Committee, he reads many bills which would provide financial aid for students. However, money to help students get through college doesn't mean much if there aren't any jobs, and it is the lack of jobs which Rodda believes could cause social tension.

"We have to find a substantial number of jobs," he insists. Yet, "the cities are declining."

"How can we stimulate the economy?" Rodda asks. "That's a question without a quick or simple answer."



Photo by Bryan Patrick

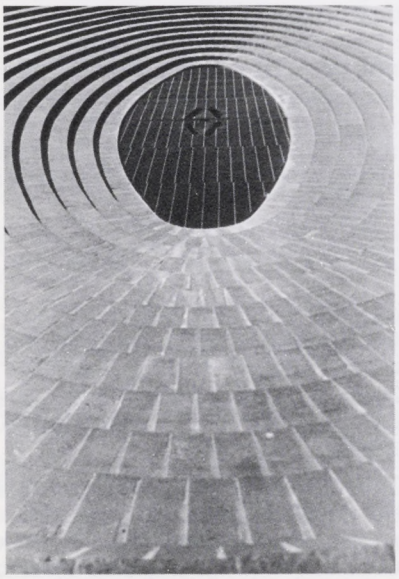


Photo by Dennis McCoy



Photo by Dennis McCoy

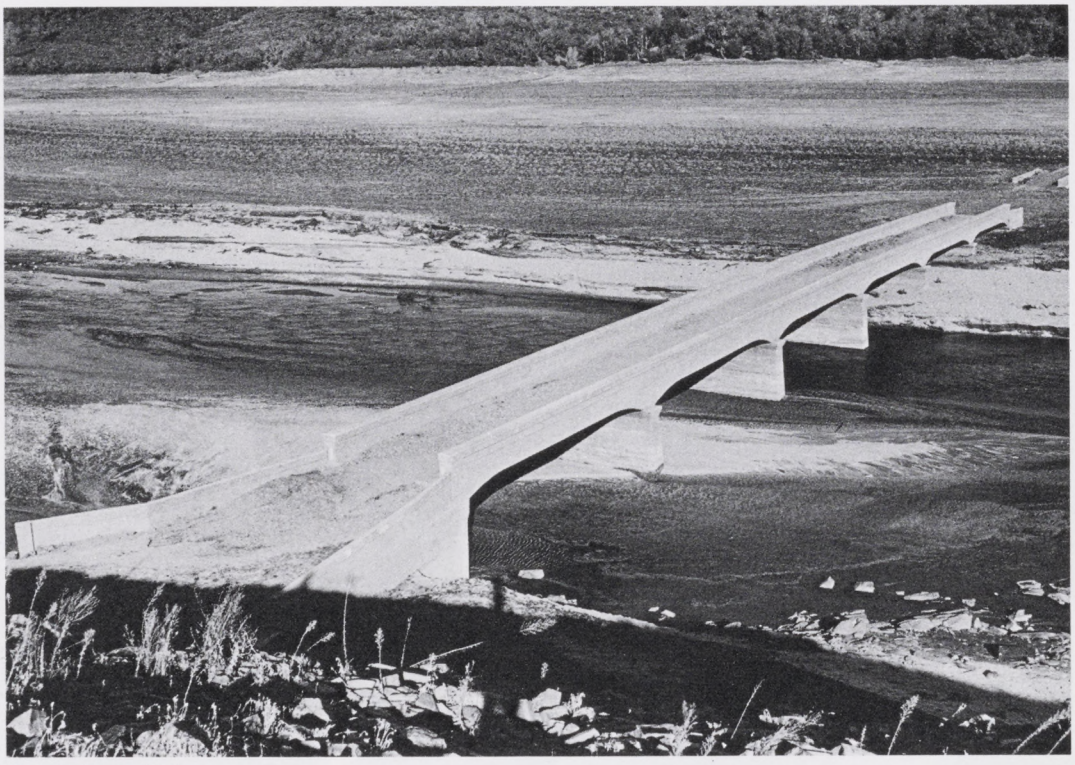


Photo by Dennis McCoy

Water — a thing of the past

Folsom Lake is only one of the many lakes, reservoirs and rivers across California with steadily declining water levels. Some have already dropped to record lows, and this summer promises to be even dryer.

According to the Drought Information Center of Sacramento, there is just no way we can be sure of when we will have sufficient rain to end the drought. The only chance we have of being certain of making it through the drought is conservation.

We can expect an increase in the problems we had last year, along with higher food costs, fire hazards, recreational difficulties and threats of bubonic plague in camp areas. We can also expect drastic cutbacks on the water we are permitted to use.

The Department of Water Resources recommends that everyone do his part to lessen the demand on water. Besides the things we already know can be done, here are some suggestions:

1. *Water the lawn only in the morning or evening and not when it's windy*
2. *Turn off the water after you wet your toothbrush*
3. *Put bricks or other damming devices in the toilet tank to displace the water*
4. *Cut down on the length of your showers and use the various devices on the market for conserving water*
5. *Keep water in the refrigerator so you don't have to waste water waiting for it to get cold*
6. *Put a bucket under the faucet while waiting for the water to get hot and use the cool water to water plants*

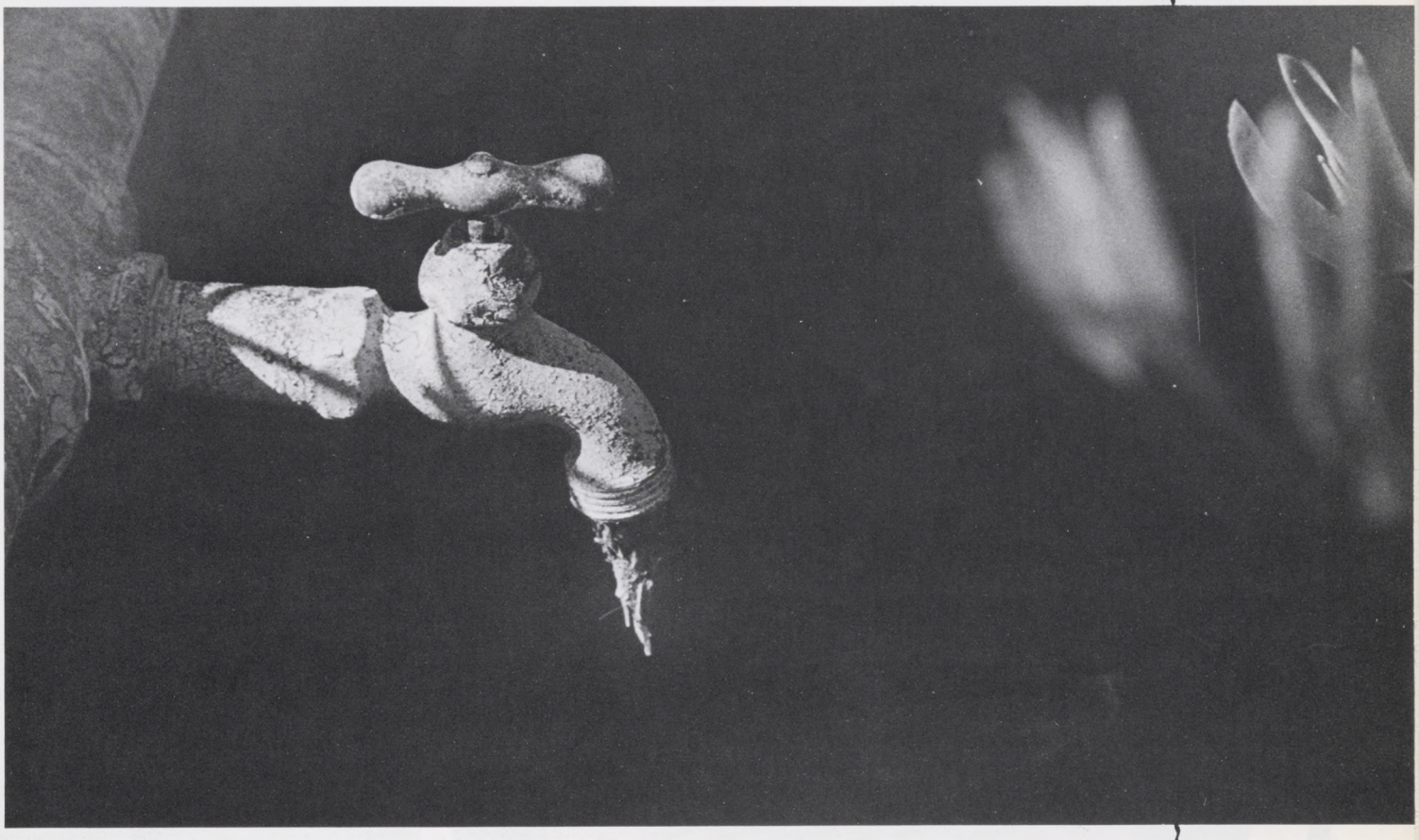


Photo by Bryan Patrick

Unusual wishes

Everyone has a special wish.

Some people like to daydream; others want to be "Creaky Superman"; still others would be satisfied having a good time in Old Sac.

What people would like to do is what Unusual Wishes is all about.

We sent one reporter to Old Sac and found that all that glitters is not old. James Curry's satirical piece on Old Sac's quick descent from a historical district to a red light district is a reminder that commercialism can creep in anywhere.

On the other hand, not everyone is interested in financial profit. Iva Gard Shepard's idea of profit is love.

Mrs. Shepard devotes her life to cats, cats and more cats. With 20 cats at home and 65 abandoned cats to feed, she is might busy.

Ever see an athletic event where everybody won? Earlier this semester, City College's sister campus, American River, hosted one – the Wheelchair Olympics. Participation was the victory, and self-confidence was the award.

It took hard work to win, but a look at their faces will tell you it was worth it.

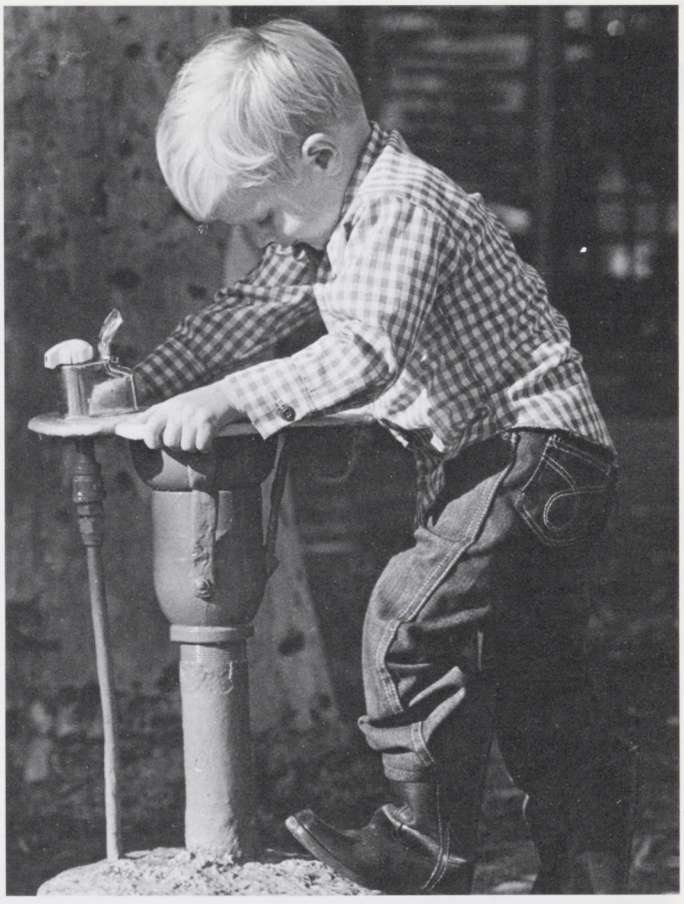


Photo by Gary Reyes



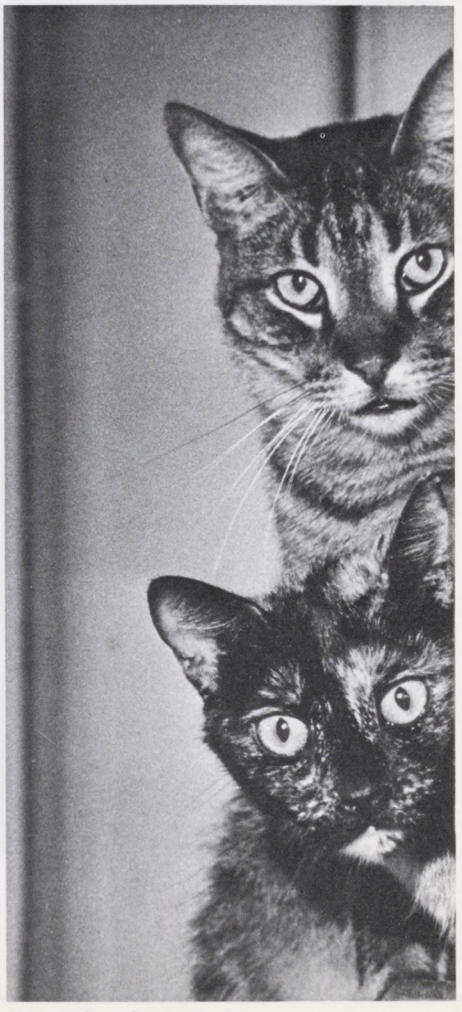


Photo by Scott Sommerdorf

VIEWPOINT

Favorite daydreams

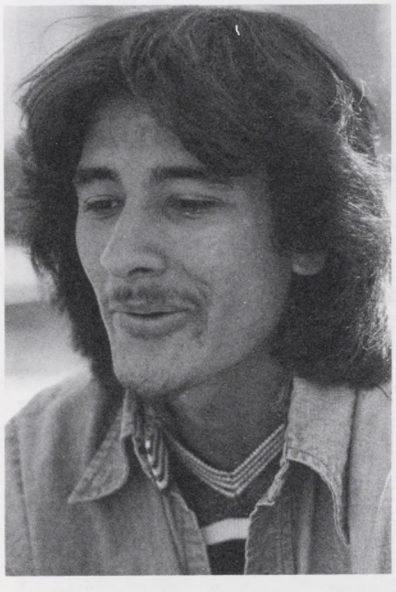
Who said imagination is dead? We didn't, and to prove it isn't, we went out and talked to people around the campus and asked then what their favorite daydream was. The result was lots of imagination.



Phil Gordon, Administration of Justice — "I like to daydream about what I'd do if I could be invisible. I'd get some one from the chemistry department to make a concoction that would work for about eight hours. Think of the fun I'd have! I could spy on teachers and my mother, and I'd hear some fantastic conversations, I'm sure, and I could go around pinching females, and they wouldn't know what was going on.

"I'd go to the bank and count their money, and just to be ornery, I'd scatter it all over the place and then leave.

"I could have more fun, just tying people's shoelaces together. Can you imagine the look on someone's face if someone invisible tied his shoelaces together?"



Ruth Hebert, 22, Social Welfare — "I like to daydream about people really getting together and enjoying life and that the whole world was living in harmony.

"If people would turn off the television and have more social interchange instead, with discussions and fun recreation together, there would be more peace and love in the world.

"If we as a country could accept other countries as they are and not try to push our views and beliefs off on them, we could achieve world harmony easier."



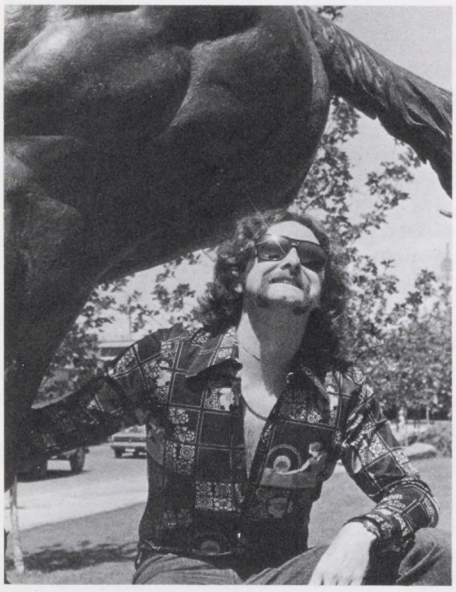
Lawrence Martinez, 19, Art — "I daydream a lot about being rich or just having enough money to own some land in the mountains with my own house, or an island, all to myself, where I could sit and think and do my art work and be free of the hassles down here.

"I would do whatever I felt like doing and not have to worry about rules and regulations. If some of my art work would sell for a decent amount of money, then maybe I could save it up and use it for that."

Fear and loading in Old Sacramento

By James Curry

I didn't realize it at the time, but this was to be my most challenging assignment. Since that initial computer error at registration, my short and ill-managed journalistic career had led me to a variety of potentially dangerous news fronts — everything from front-row action at the Oasis Ballroom to the strange and bizarre "omelette rites" at Nicole's. I thought I'd seen it all, every length that a thrill-starved humanity would go to to satisfy their nagging desires, but I was wrong, I hadn't seen nuthin' yet.



Terrific! Write yet another article on "Good Ol' Sac." I mean the place has been done to death. How was I supposed to write something unique about a jive scene like that?

It was obvious to me that to get at this story's roots, it would be necessary to spend a fair amount of time in the area, mingling with the natives as it were.

In order to accomplish this, I would have to generate the illusion of being groooovy, cool, hip and with it, whatever "it" is. I mean I didn't want to attract attention while I was New Journalizing. I took inventory: German car, shag, jewelry, Brut, teeth, feet, lines ("Coke, it's the real thing. Go for it. Get down, boogie rock. Could you put a little alcohol in here? You're not smiling. You're not dancing. You're not breathing. You're not going home with me?!"), the infamous acetate shirt, Levis . . . GONG!

Speaking of dress codes, some of the clubs at various times and by various ways and means, enforce various rules governing how they want their various patrons to dress. The owners and managers of these places seem to have a deep-seated unnatural phobia against Levis. Not denims, but your standard Levis.

If you want to take the belt loops off your good old American Levis, you can usually convince your most discerning doorman (bouncer) that you're wearing the "Custom European Cuts." Their rationale is basically anyone who wears the standard Levi pants must be so poor and out of it they can't possibly do their club any good, socially or (here it is, sports fans) financially. It's one of the games they insist you play.

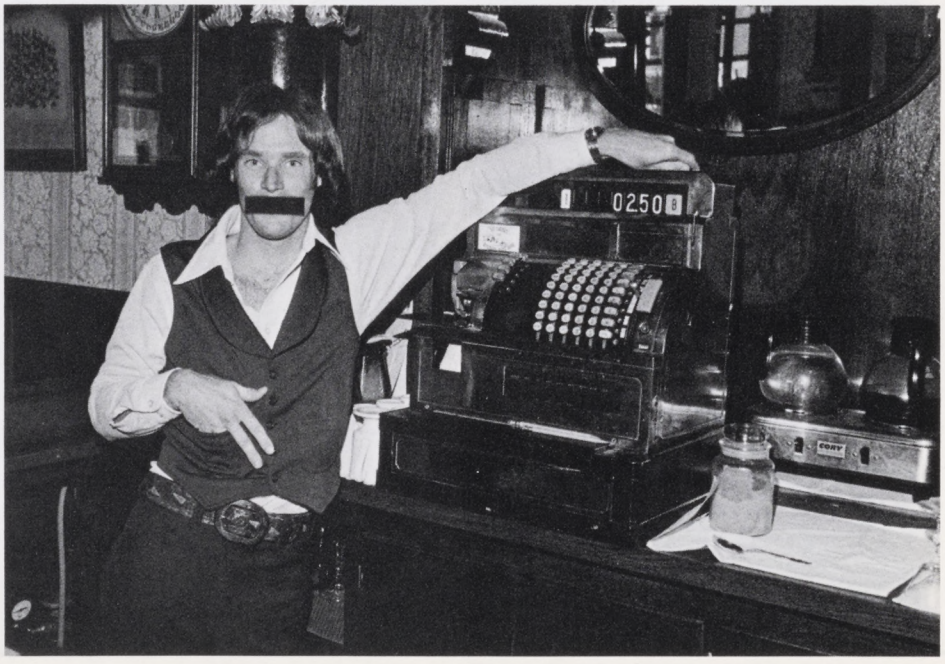
Things were shaping up nicely. I was starting to feel blatantly groovy, but not really aggressively cool. Something more was needed, an inside track. What would Baretta do?

A simple solution. I would pose as a musician. It was perfect; everyone knows musicians are cool. (Musician's mates are the exception to this.) It would be the perfect reason to be in the area, great cover.

Luckily I just happened to be in a position to be able to pose as a member of Sierra, an incredibly organic country-rock group. Sierra, as it turned out, had gotten a gig (employment) directly in the middle of disco-heaven for a couple of weekends. They asked me if $120 would be suitable for three nights work. I said sure, but they'd have to wait till my grant check came in before I could pay them. We were rolling. Destination: Saddlerock.

The Saddlerock Restaurant represents the second generation of Ol' Sac business enterprise. Rising like a phoenix out of the ashes of the now defunct Lola Montez location, Saddlerock appeared willing (at least initially) to try and break away from the "shake your booty" scene, especially if they thought they could make money doing it.

According to the help, Saddlerock had been having a certain amount of trouble with people getting drunk and punching out its windows, throwing things at the bartenders (after being "cut-off" for some "unknown" reason) and other amusing antics reminiscent of the Old West.



What ever happened to the Lola Montez? It went broke. Why? Presumably because it did not get a profitable share of a limited and, at best, fluctuating market. Saddlerock's fearless leaders were hoping by way of the music to take themselves out of competition with all the disco places and get a larger share of a smaller and hopefully tamer market. The only people who were supposed to get hurt were the owners as they all got hernias loading their profits into their German cars.

Sierra opened up the evening with a low volume dinner set specifically tailored not to blast the meat off the plates of the people who were eating above us. We got two points for taste, but we had to have about four cups of coffee apiece just to keep from lulling ourselves to sleep.

The bartenders and, yes, even one of the manager-owners began telling us to turn up the volume. This could be construed to be an unusually good sign. Apparently there would be no trouble handling the job. I could settle back and check out the "scene."

During my breaks I would slide next door to Fanny Ann's, have a bag of stale popcorn, drink and talk to the customers. Fanny's had undergone an interesting cultural inversion of sorts. There were no women. For a club that had built its rep on gimmicky things like "two-for-one" and "ladies night," Fanny Ann's was looking like some kind of stag party.

I initiated a conversation with one of the more "hip" looking customers, told him I was from out of town, and asked him where all the women were. To this he replied that Sacramento was going through one of its frequent periods of moral clean-up and that all the "hookers" were "laying low" for a few days. "Gosh darn, just my luck," I said returning to work.

A quick survey of Spider Murphy's and The Union revealed similar situations. Lots of leisure suits but an obvious lack of ladies to the point that when I walked into a place I could see the faces of every guy there because they would all turn hoping I was Farrah Fawcett out for an evening of sin in Ol' Sac away from Lee Majors. Unfortunately, that I wasn't.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, Saddlerock was acquiring an interesting blend of assorted types for a crowd: One-part older family-oriented types; one-part



shell shocked disco fugitives who kept mumbling, "Make it funky"; one-part hard-core party freaks who could have had just as good a time at the bus station and some assorted friends and nuts.

From my position on the bandstand, I kept seeing groups of guys, in twos and threes, come in the front door, check out the "scene," go for the quick conference and then push off down the street.

Five minutes later the same guys would come back in, obviously still in heat, and decide to honor the ladies that were there with closer inspection. So the clever devils nonchalantly walk through the bar, eyeing the women, and file into the men's room, no doubt for another conference. ("Gee, maybe we should ask 'em ta dance.") At least there was a little social interchange starting to happen, and the people that were in the bar were at least staying in one place instead of staggering up and down the street.

I sat down during my next break with a trio of ladies and struck up a conversation about what they thought of the evening's festivities. Funny thing about women in bars, usually the first thing they tell you is they never go out and this is the first time they've been in since the last time they know you saw them in. This was no exception.

In any case they finally got around to mentioning that they didn't feel all that comfortable in Ol'Sac. They were tired of being hustled, but given the choice of being hustled or watching Starsky and Hutch they were gonna "go for it." I mean they always had the option of saying no to any eventuality, and it was better than sitting at home.

Sounded logical to me; so I asked why they thought there were so few women out tonight. They all agreed that there were a lot of "weirdos" pounding the pavement, and a lot of women didn't want and didn't have to run the gauntlet that was happening down here. They were getting burned out on it. I collected a few phone numbers (for additional research) and went back to work.

A pattern was starting to emerge. I remembered hearing some of my friends talking about



how when Ol' Sac was just getting rolling (about two years ago), there were lots of people, and everyone was having a pretty good time.

Now in 1977 things are a bit different. People are "working" at having a good time, and when they don't have it, sometimes there's trouble. The large scale addition of the Sacramento police and rent-a-cops bears witness to this.

Sierra ended its first night in the big time under a virtual torrent of police and rent-a-cops as an Ohio tourist received the dubious honor of being the first person to be permanently "shafted" in Ol' Town . . . where the West lives on.

Planners and the first "settlers" in Old Sacramento originally envisioned a historical park for family enjoyment, but the good old American profit motive took over.

The initial impact of the "new scene" has dwindled, and the once flourishing groups of new and interested people have been whittled down to a smaller group of hardcore regulars characterized by a disturbing lack of imagination and morbid preoccupation with the jive bar scene at this point. There appear to be more things going on, and fewer people going down.

Perhaps if developers and city fathers act now, the old dream could be revitalized. There is still time. Old Sacramento could still become the New Orleans of the West instead of the Anaheim of the North.



The story behind the story

New journalist James Curry gets inspiration from an Old Sacramento landmark while a local bartender resorts to sign language to explain his price list.

Leaving no stone unturned, our intrepid reporter utilizes the occult to contact spirits of the Old West.

Hearing rumors of moral decay, he rushed to a "Cat House." Ah, it's the real thing.

But after hours of painstaking research, our man Curry found the real Old Sacramento – just read the signs.

Sacramento cat collector



Author Steve Terry has his hands full trying to keep up with four cats. But tolerating the antics of 85! Iva Shepard does it every day.

The love she gives and the love which is returned by her cats are enough to see her through the day.

In reading this story, the reader gets a glimpse of her compassion and of the endless numbers of abandoned and helpless cats in Sacramento.

Photos by
Scott Sommerdorf

By Steve Terry

As I walked into the house, I suddenly found myself on trial — the jury being 20 suspicious cats. It was the home of Ira and Iva Shepard, and the cats were those they have collected over several years.

Iva Gard Shepard, an elderly woman as spry as they come, has been ''collecting'' and feeding abandoned cats since the fall of 1968.

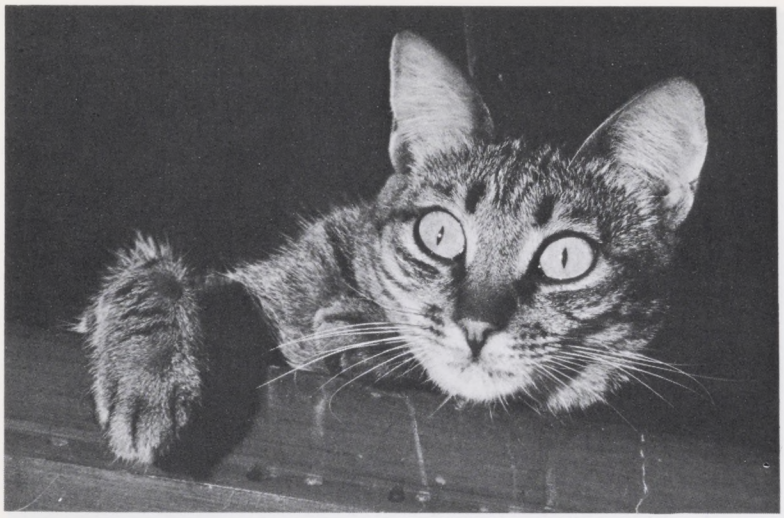
She devotes practically her whole life to the care and needs of these cats. The other important element in her life is her husband, Ira, who shares her concern for the homeless cats.

Each day, rain or shine, the Shepards load up their car with warmed cat food prepared with lots of love. They set out on what might seem to most as a long, tiresome trek around town to feed their kitties. They arrive at each of their eight stops with the anticipation of seeing and visiting all of the 65 cats they feed.

At each stop, the cats are sitting patiently as if they knew the Shepards were on the way. The Shepards begin to scoop up food from what seems to be a ''rolling cat chow wagon.'' This is the only meal the cats receive, and they make the most of it.

The Shepards worry about the well-being of their kitties who spend night after night in the damp, cold out-of-doors. Not having the proper diet causes the cats to become more susceptible to disease. Mrs. Shepard feels the cats cannot get sufficient nutrition from what she is able to feed them.

The majority of the cats the Shepards feed are domesticated. ''They are,'' explains Mrs. Shepard, ''unhappy, bewildered and miserable, having been taken away from their homes and dumped in a strange place. One little cat, a male about a year old, cried like a baby.''



'None of their cats is loved more than the next.'



The Shepards are angered by people who get a cat when it's a kitten and, when it becomes an adult, toss it into the street because it's no longer "cute." Their feelings about these people, Mrs. Shepard says, "cannot be printed in any publication!"

"We get homes for many of them," continues Mrs. Shepard. She constantly brings abandoned cats home because she is afraid they will die outside.

She has become extremely attached to all the cats and has named many of them. Although she loves each one, she realizes that she cannot provide a proper home for them all. The Shepards run ads in the local newspapers for kittens as well as adult cats.

Several veterinarians have been very cooperative about neutering, spaying and treating various feline disorders.

The Shepards live on a meager income and could not care for the cats as well if it weren't for kind people making generous donations to help them help the cats.

After spending five hours on the road with strays they come home; have a shot of bourbon; and take on the task of feeding another 20 hungry mouths.

Usually, the first cat to come galloping to the food dish is Happy, a 20-pound gray tabby. Happy was originally a tree-born cat.

His mother had a litter of three high up in a tree, and one day Happy plummeted through the branches into Mrs. Shepard's arms. She could not resist bringing him home.

Another of the Shepards' favorite cats is Getsell. Getsell is their smartest cat and definitely earned her name, according to Mrs. Shepard. When Getsell was a kitten, she always knew just how to get what she wanted and still does a pretty fair job of it.

Gramps, formerly Ho Bo, is an entirely different story. About a year ago, Ho Bo appeared in the Shepards' backyard and proceeded to beg for food. Naturally suspicious of the Shepards, Ho Bo was skeptical of their intentions.

The Shepards fed him for a long time but not until it got cold did Ho Bo allow them to handle and love him. They brought him inside, and he has stayed there since. Once he became an indoor cat, he was no longer a hobo; so his name was changed to Gramps.

Although some cats attract visitors' attention more than others, none of their cats is loved more than the next. Mrs. Shepard is a kind, compassionate woman with love enough for them all.

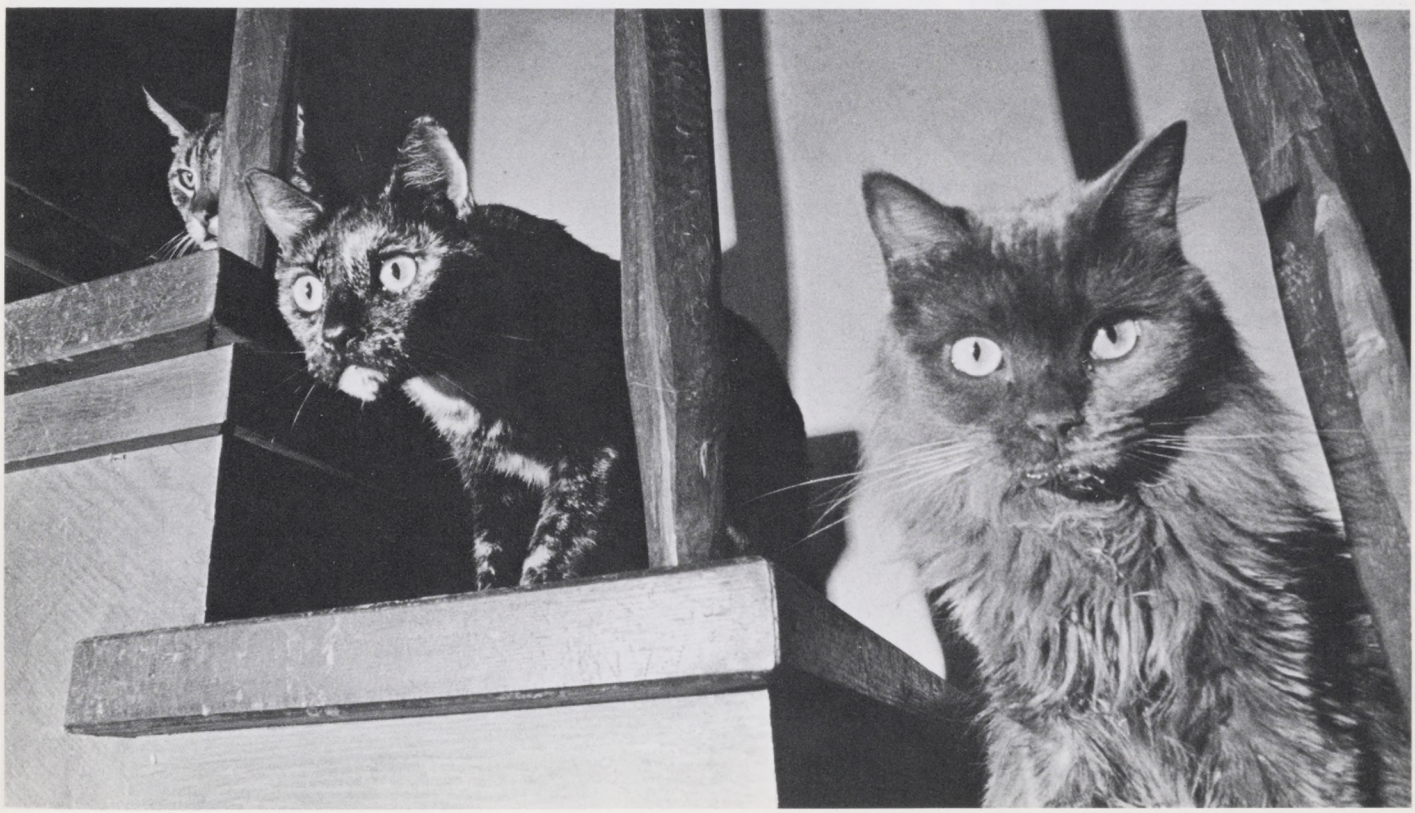
She is a highly respected woman in the Sacramento area where she has lived since 1928 when she went to work here as an interior decorator.

In 1943, the Sacramento Bee offered Mrs. Shepard a job as a columnist. She has been writing the Saturday "Garden News and Views" ever since. She has been a diligent worker with the California State Fair floriculture program since 1947.

Mrs. Shepard has contributed a great deal to the world of plants as well as the world of cats. She became the second president of the Sacramento Garden and Arts Center in 1949 and has held the office continuously for 24 years.

For such dedication, the Sacramento City Council rewarded Mrs. Shepard by renaming the building the club occupies the "Iva Gard Shepard Garden and Arts Center."

Whatever project Iva Gard Shepard undertakes, she does it to the best of her ability. Both cats and plants will attest to that.



A very special victory



Photos by

Bryan Patrick

By Steve Terry

It was a day of joy and achievement when handicapped athletes from Northern California gathered together to prove to themselves that determination and confidence end with the thrill of victory.

The Wheelchair Olympics were held on March 19 at American River College for just this purpose. Defeat was nonexistent because each athlete had overcome the obstacles of physical or neurological handicaps. This was the victory for which they were really searching.

The Sacramento Wheelchair Athletic Team (SWAT), the county parks and recreation department and the United Cerebral Palsy sponsored the games, first of what will hopefully become annual meets.

As soon as the spectators arrived, they felt sympathy, but this was soon replaced by a feeling of pride. Yes, pride. Although they might not know any of the athletes it was as though they were part of their family. The spectator felt the same joy they were feeling. The thrill on their faces when they crossed the finish line was indescribable.

The sounds and the cheers at the games were as thrilling as the athletes' victories.

"Go, go, go, go, Debbie. Go, go, go."

Debbie went as fast as she was physically capable of going. Although she finished only third, she was the big winner in the eyes of her teammates who cheered her on.

"Great race. Great race. Thatta baby. That was beautiful," Debbie's teammates exclaimed.

The praise coming from Debbie's teammates was much the same as one would expect to hear at Montreal or Innsbruck for world titlists.

In reality it was intended to build self-confidence. And self-confidence was accomplished by the games if nothing else was. The athletes felt like winners whether they placed first or fifth. The feeling of achievement was largely due to the never ending support of friends, family and teammates.

The words "I can't do it" were a rarity in the games, and with a little prompting the athletes were soon in position at the starting line. It was, however, natural that some athletes would become afraid or even discouraged when faced with 40 yards of track.





It was in some cases a painstaking task to make it to the finish line, but no matter how long it took to get there, teammates never stopped cheering on their friends.

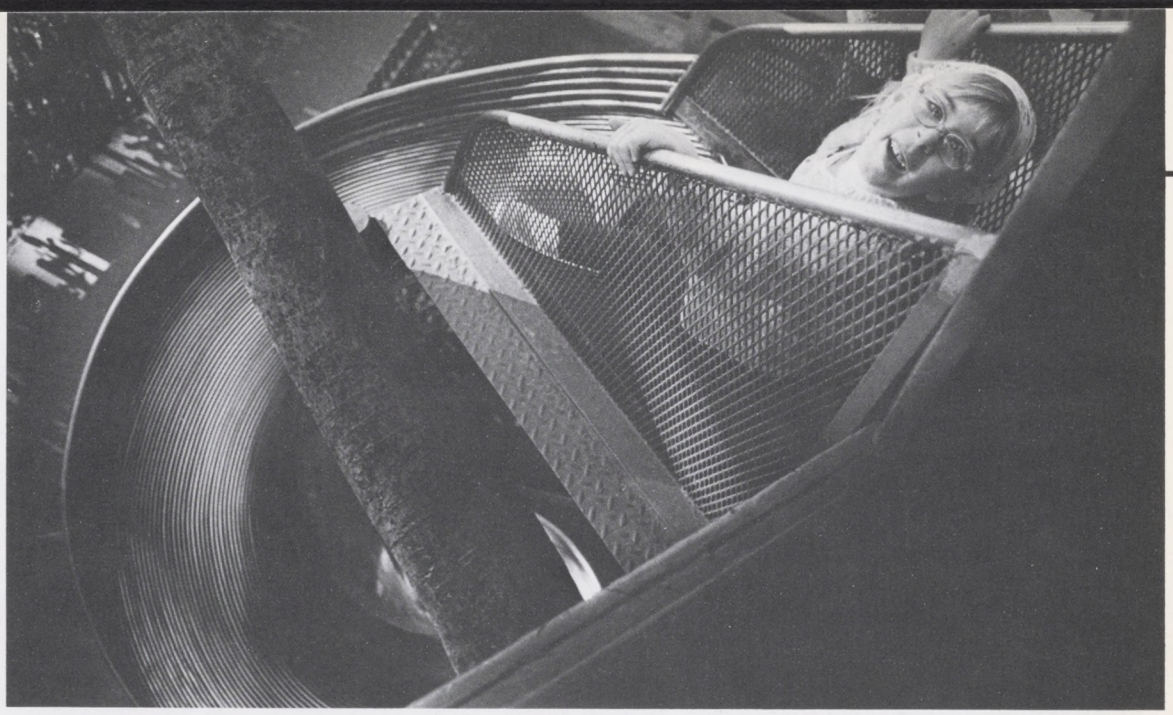
It was almost as though the athletes were alone on the field. It didn't matter that there were four others alongside them. It only mattered that they made it to the finish line and did the best they could.

Although the day was basically filled with the joy of accomplishment, there were a few sad notes, too, as when a boy who had just come in first in the 40-yard dash said sadly, "I wish my mother could have seen me. She would have been proud of me."

"She's proud of you, anyway," said Lionel Sady, one of the boy's coaches.

"Some parents can't bear to see these things," Sady explained. "All of these chairs and crutches remind them of things they'd rather forget. So they stay away."

The athletes who participated in the games had a drive within them. They were not content to just sit around in wheelchairs. There was a zest for living that pushed them forward and lessened their handicaps.



Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall
Humpty Dumpty was having a ball
All the young children, their parents in tow
Were entering his kingdom, the 'in' place to go!

Humpty Dumpty sits guard, perched securely atop the arched stone gateway, watching the hundreds of children who leave the ordinary grown-up world behind them to enter Fairytale Town, the land of make-believe.

Within its walls, children traipse along the crooked mile before running off to visit the big red barn or clambering up to the treetop shanty to play Robinson Crusoe.

King Arthur and his queen play host to birthday parties while would-be pirates make plans from their ship to storm the castle walls. Cinderella's pumpkin coach stands ready, waiting to carry starry-eyed princes and princesses off to Happily Ever After.

Located at the corner of Land Park Drive and 16th Avenue, Fairytale Town was opened in 1959. Since that time it has been steadily growing with the help of donations. Everything in Fairytale Town has been a contribution.

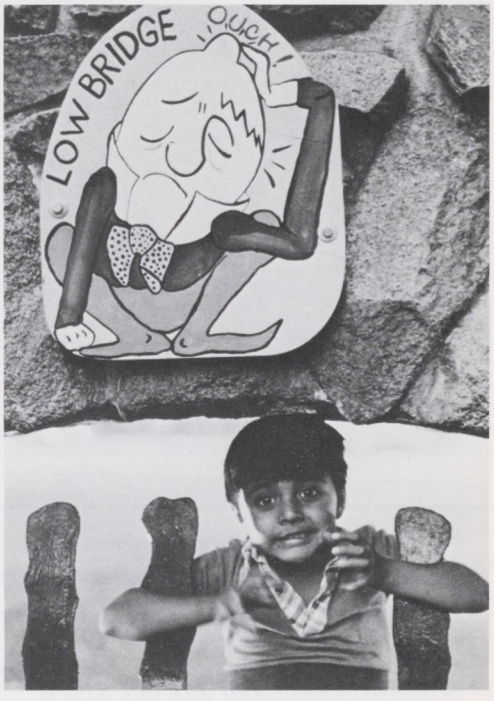
From March to November, five birthday parties are held daily in King Arthur's castle. During the summer, some 600 children, their parents and older brothers and sisters pay the nominal admission charge each day to play on the grounds.

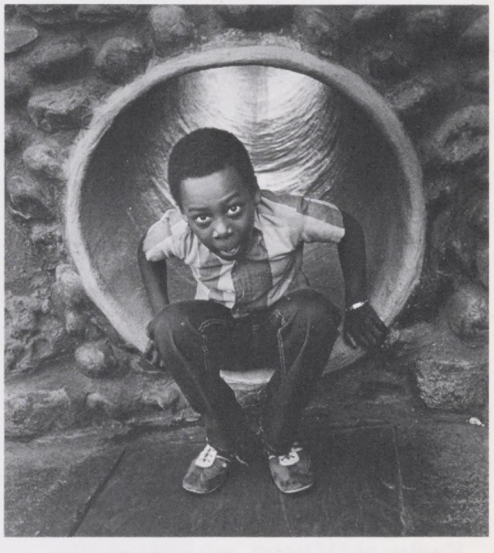
And Humpty, unconcerned with falling, welcomes them.



A child's dream







Photos by
Bryan Patrick



Kids, Kids, Kids!

By Candace O'Shea

Some 40 kids from age two and a half to five do their thing every day at the Children's Center.

Imaginations run wild. Creaky Superman, the caped marauder of evil, aims his shovel of sand bullets at his unwary victims. Inside, a little girl pastes pieces of paper and string on a paper plate and calls it a kite.

The Campus Children's Center was organized by students and faculty six years ago to fill the need for an on-campus facility for students' pre-school children as well as a lab for early childhood education students.

The center is housed in Portables 10A and 11 in the northeast corner of the campus. The combination playground-classroom is open daily from 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and from 5 to 9:30 p.m. Monday through Thursday.

Early childhood education students, a responsible staff and manager Jackie Wilson see to the needs of the children. There is a ratio of one adult to five children at all times.

"It's an educational experience for children," explains Wilson. "At the same time it provides child care so that parents can continue their education."

"We do not babysit!" staff member Eunice Green points out. "We have a planned curriculum for the children."

The center's curriculum is designed to aid the children through play. It stresses communication, interaction and self-help. Every day a different set of activities is scheduled, but there is always an opportunity for both group and individual play.

The children are taught self-expression and self-control as well as responsibility, independence, creativity and respect for themselves and others through games, stories and play activities which often center around cultural and special holidays such as Black History Week, Hanuka and Cinco de Mayo.

The 20 early childhood students in the daytime program have eight to ten projects which involve children from the center. These may vary from cooking projects or arts and crafts to field trips to such places as the Pumpkin Farm, a park or a dairy.

The program and the playground with its swings, slides and playhouse get the children's full approval. All the children queried agreed they liked the center, and indeed they seemed to be having the time of their lives.

Hot lunches are prepared in the college cafeteria and snacks are made in the center's kitchen by the staff with help from the children. Sometimes they have parties to which parents bring treats from home.

Then, of course, there is storytime and, for some, naptime.

All this contributes to fulfilling the center's goals as set forth in its policy handbook:

> For the children — to provide a stimulating environment with varied planned experiences to aid them in the growth and development of their mental, social, physical, and emotional capacities; in learning through play experiences; in the development of self-expression, self-control, responsibility, independence, respect for self and others and creativity.
>
> For the parents — to provide care for their children while they pursue their studies; opportunities to meet and work with other parents and teachers who have as their common concern the interests and needs of their pre-school children.
>
> For the student community — to provide a laboratory school for students in early childhood education.

The students and staff at the Children's Center work hard to meet these goals, and the happy, busy children are proof they are successful.

Darn it all!

Remember when Art Linkletter used to say, "Kids say the darndest things!" Well, things haven't changed. Kids still say the "darndest things."

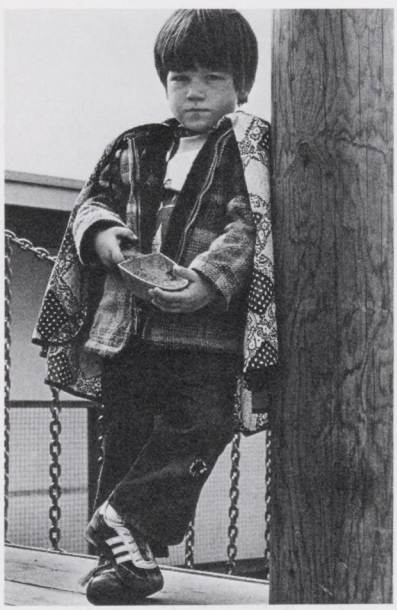
We asked some kids at the Children's Center what they thought their parents were learning in school, and, sure enough, we got some of the "darndest" answers.



Megan McCook, 3 — "Mother has biwowwogy wis Mr. Vowitz." (Translation: Mr. Volz)



Bryan Kokko, 4 — "Mother learned to go boom! No no! don't say that, say, my momma learned toooooo — to drive!"



Bruce Tait, 3, called "Creaky Superman" by his mother — "Sometimes she be's teacher. She cleans up the toys when she be's teacher."



Afira Usher, 5 — "Mother is readin' and whuppin' too and keep a eye on us. She cauwt me."



Karen Ashby, 3, and her sister Dianne, 4 — "Mother's got a animal book, but she needs more paper in it. Then she'll learn everything she needs to know, and I'm goin' to teach her how to write."



Michelle Cochran, 3 — "Nuthin."



Dedication



Photo by George Nordstrom



Photo by Adeline Gallegos

Photo by George Nordstrom



One thousand officials, faculty members, administrators, community leaders, alumni and students were on hand to see City College's second dedication ceremony March 20, 1977.

In many ways, the ceremony was a repeat of the first one on Oct. 22, 1926.

The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of California checked to see the cornerstone was a true square, level and perpendicular, and then read the contents of the time capsule that would be installed within it.

Stewart Tulley, who had conducted the musical program for the original dedication, came out of retirement to lead the band in the rousing "Washington Post March."

But there was much that was new — Main North and Main South with administrative and faculty offices, classrooms and laboratories and the newly landscaped front quad.

The thousand enjoyed the ceremony and the sociability of the reception afterwards when they recalled the old days and speculated, perhaps, of the future.